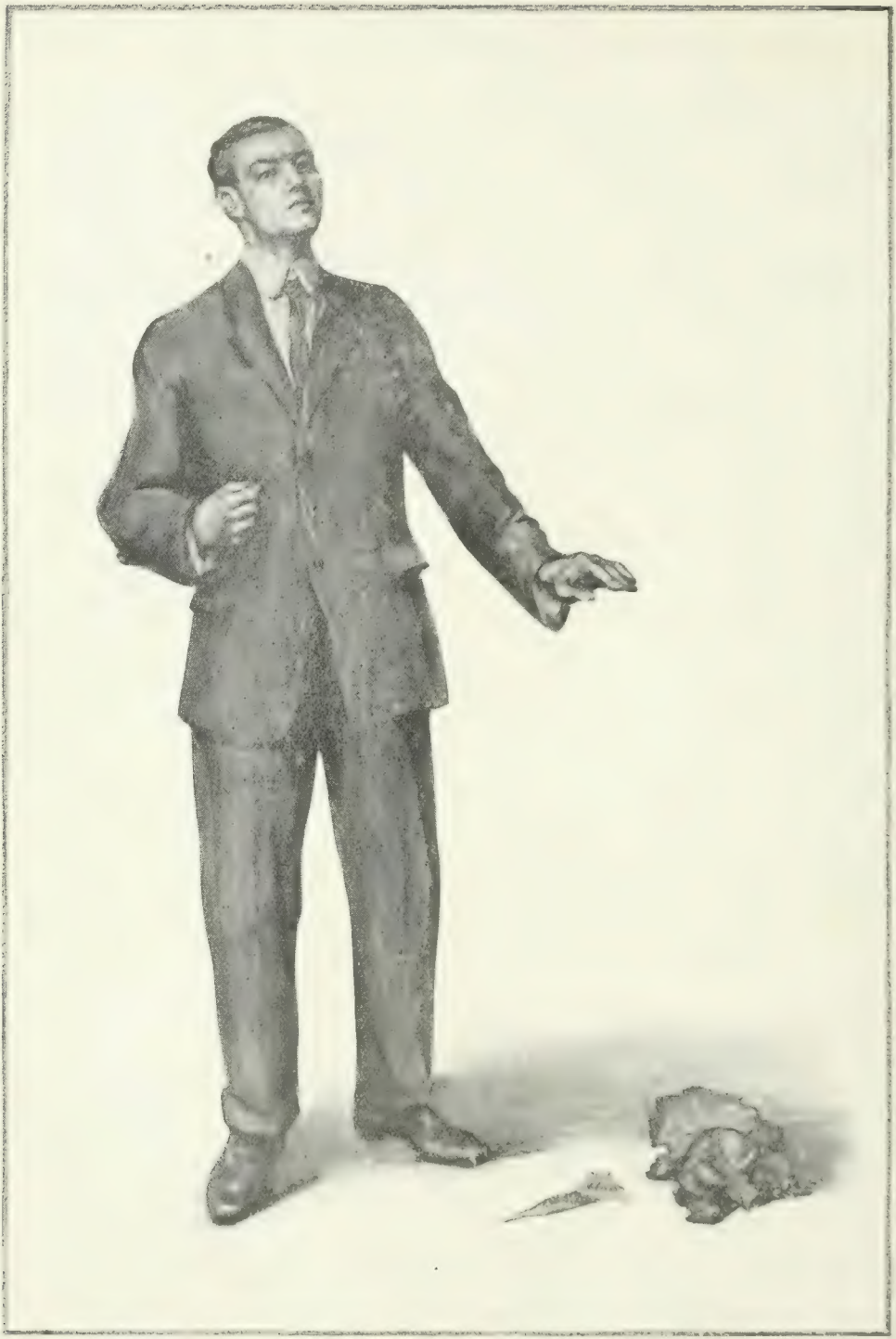
# THE WONDER OF SEPTEMBER

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE wonder of September—the hills so far and high,
With trees that shoulder lazily against the glinting sky,
And little winds that romp and dance and whirl across the way
And fling the dust in gayest wise as rivers fling their spray.
O, one would go a-gypsying and sleep beneath the stars,
And heal his heart of sorrowings and free his soul of scars.

The stillness of September—that is the best of all,
The hush that comes across the hills and tells us of the fall.
With crickets piping in the dusk and golden stars above
When night comes in on feet that tread as soft as those of love—
O, one would go a-gypsying and sleep beneath the stars,
And heal his heart of sorrowings and free his soul of scars.



"FELLOW CITIZENS!" THUNDERED THE MAYOR, "THE ACCUSATION IS FRUE — BUT I HAVE LIVED AMONG YOU THIRTY YEARS; AND IF THOSE YEARS HAVE NOT CONVINCED YOU OF MY GOOD FAITH——"

To accompany "In The Front Row" See page 333

VOL. XII
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
SEPT.

# Neglected Opportunities of Western Canada

## HOW A BARGAIN A THOUSAND MILES OFF LOOKS BETTER THAN ONE IN YOUR OWN FRONT YARD

By John H. Parry

Illustrated with Photographs

ON my last trip from St. Paul to Winnipeg I fell into conversation with a man from Kansas.

We had hardly pulled out from the train shed in the first of the Twin Cities when I singled him out as the most desirable man in the observation car with whom to pass away the time.

"First trip to Western Canada?" I said by way of salutation.

"No," he answered pleasantly. "I was up here a month ago!"

"Then you liked the country?" I continued.

"Liked it?" he repeated enthusiastically. "I'll tell you just how much. I liked it so well that I went back to Kansas, sold my farm and city property and wired the proceeds up here to close some deals that I made on my first trip."

From that moment on the Kansan and I were friends. But the real reason I am bringing him into this story is because of a single remark he made. It came out in answer to my request for his first impressions of Western Canada. Here it is:

"The thing that struck me most forcibly, and does still, is the fact that Canadians themselves fail utterly to realize the opportunities that lie at their feet. Why, on my first trip up, I covered fourteen hundred miles of ground and out of each car window I saw neglected chances on every mile of the trip."

"How do you account for it?" I asked, puzzled by his remark.

"Simply in the youth and wealth of the country," he replied with finality. "People are so busy making money that they are failing to see the ground-floor chances that others are gobbling up. And so, to my mind, the real

tragedy of Canada will come in the fact that the Canadians themselves—the ones who are closest at hand—will wake up some day to find Americans and Europeans the real winners on their own soil."

That is a narrow philosophy, of course. But it offers food for thought. Straight from a man who invested $40,000 of American money in Canadian land it sounds a warning to the opportunity-seekers of Canada itself. And, incidentally, in the new angle it gave, I found the inspiration to make a study of the neglected opportunities in Western Canada to-day. And also—for here is a distinction—the opportunities that *Canadians* neglect.

### *Chances That Grow in the Soil.*

Now let us analyze a little more carefully the distinction I have drawn. Let us take the case of land—farm lands first. Farm property at fifteen and twenty dollars an acre is not, in the proper sense of the word, a neglected opportunity. It is too good an investment for that. But it is, at that figure, an opportunity that Canadians neglect. It is the same sort of opportunity that people in Kansas neglected to take advantage of fifty and sixty years ago. And the reason is the same.

Opportunity, to paraphrase an old saying, is too often without honor in its own country. It is human to pass over day after day the very chances out of which some other man, coming from a distance, will hammer the fortune for which he is in search. It is a lesson that the natives of every new country have had to learn. And Canada is no exception to the rule.

It remained for capital, coming from the east, to build up and appreciate the opportunities in the western section of the United States. Many a farmer in Kansas forty years ago sold out his land at twenty-five dollars an acre—and thanked his stars for the deal he had made—only to see it double and treble in value in the next few years. And then, having learned his own lesson, he moved further west or south—bought in at a low price—and made the most of the opportunity that he had neglected in his own state. And, nine times out of ten, it was a mighty costly move.

Yet that is the problem in Western Canada to-day. It is the root and kernel of the warning from my Kansas friend. Canada has been pretty busy in late years heralding to the world the possibilities of her soil. It has been money and energy and time well spent. Nothing is more important to her future growth. And yet, largely for the same reason, Canada has been too close to the ground to take advantage of the very opportunities that she has invited others to seize. She has been neglecting the wealth of her own soil.

### *Land That Went From* $3.50 *to* $80.00

Here is a case in point. An American farmer, that everyone in Western Canada knows by name, crossed the boundary line from North Dakota nine years ago. Driving across country with his team he came to a town that is to-day one of the leading cities of the prairie provinces. He took a look around. He found land, better in every way than that from which he came, selling at $3.50 an acre. So, having learned his lesson in the States, he put his small capital into the land. He bought at first one hundred and sixty acres. Within a year, not counting the profits from his crops, it doubled in value. So he bought more. His investment again doubled. And again he bought more. To-day—nine years later—the same land that he purchased at $3.50 an acre is worth, according to repeated offers he has refused, eighty dollars an acre—while the farm itself, for he now owns five thousand acres, has netted him $100,000 for the season past.

Nor is that an unusual case. Quite on the contrary a score of instances could be named where the profits from the land—both from an investment and producing standpoint—have materially bettered this figure. Throughout Western Canada people are making good in just this way on the soil—the man of small means and the man of capital are benefitting alike from the wealth of the land.

A FEW YEARS AGO THIS FAINTLY-MARKED INDIAN TRAIL WAS ALL THERE WAS OF EDMONTON. DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE RIVER LAY THE OLD HUDSON BAY POST, BUT THE LARGER PART OF THE PRESENT SITE WAS PRAIRIE AND WOLF-WILLOW

TO-DAY, EDMONTON BOASTS SOME FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE AND LAND IN THE HUDSON BAY RESERVE RECENTLY THROWN OPEN IN THE HEART OF THE CITY SOLD FOR AS MUCH AS $1,400 A FRONT FOOT

Western Canada to-day occupies a unique and unparalleled position. No country in its pioneering stage has ever offered the same opportunities to the farmer, the investor or the capitalist. In the early days of the United States farming was a gamble, land values were a negligible quantity and the success or failure of a given section was consequently dependent on a combination of circumstances that no one could accurately foretell.

*Why Canada is a "Sure-Thing Gamble"*

There is no element of chance—beyond that of individual inefficiency—in Western Canada to-day. It has already been proved beyond question that the prairie provinces are destined to become the great agricultural sections of the world. Already the grain crops have taken the highest honors in competition with the oldest grain growing sections of the United States, while experts from every section of the world have stated frankly that the soil and climate of Western Canada are ideal for the production of practically every crop known to the soil.

For this reason the great provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta offer a peculiarly important chance for the man who wants to benefit from the wealth of the land. Nor is this opportunity open only to the man who wants to get out in his shirt sleeves and till the soil for, on the contrary, the very reasons that are behind the growth of the agricultural resources are equally as much behind the future wealth of the land itself.

Western Canada is to-day on the ground-floor. It is in the same relative stage of growth that the great farming states of the United States occupied thirty and forty years ago. In the same stage with this vital and all-important difference: that Western Canada is benefitting by the experience, progress and inventions of the past fifty years.

It is for this reason that Western Canada is attracting settlers and investors from every section of the world. Nowhere else, in the last half century, has land been offered at so reasonable a figure and nowhere else has so much money—per acre—been taken from the soil. And when you combine these two facts you have in a nutshell the reason for the record-breaking influx of settlers into Western Canada within the past few years.

*Producing Ability That Fixes Values.*

And now, to come directly back to the subject, let us take a look at the opportunities in Western Canada to-day—the tangible, specific chances that are open to the man who wants to make the most of the ground-floor openings that are offered in the wealth of the land. And, in so doing, let us take a look at the matter from an investment standpoint first.

Land is, of course, the basis of all wealth. Therefore, whether it be farm property or urban real estate, it offers and must always offer the most permanent and substantial form of investment. The clinching argument in this is that land appreciates in value, for the reason that it must necessarily benefit most quickly from the upbuilding of the country or city or town of which it is a part.

That admitted we come at once to the tremendous opportunity offered in Western Canada to-day, from a land investment standpoint. Farm lands in the prairie provinces are selling to-day at about the same figure that obtained in the United States in the early sixties. To-day these same lands in the farming districts of the States are selling at from $100 to $200 per acre. But the reason for the increase of values is not based on the difference in the age of the two countries but entirely upon the increase in the value of the American crops.

The basis of farm land values is fixed by the producing ability of the land. And that means, as analyzed by economic experts from the United States itself, that the farm lands in Western Canada must, in the course of a very few years, reach the same valuation as those in the older farming districts of the States. The reason for this assertion, which might easily be backed up by substantial proof, is

THE CANADIAN FIELD PEA, A NITROGEN-PRODUCING LEGUME, THRIVES WELL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES. THIS CROP WAS GROWN IN THE SWAN RIVER VALLEY

found in the fact that crops of as great value per acre are already produced on the new soil of the prairie provinces as in the older agricultural communities of the United States.

In other words Canada, benefitting by the progress of the last forty years, is destined to make each acre of her soil produce as much agricultural wealth as the older sections of the United States, so that—as soon as the land is more fully settled—the valuation of farm property will become as great, if not greater, as that of Kansas, Nebraska and the other agricultural commonwealths of the States.

### *Let's Reduce Facts and Figures to Live Opportunities*

And now let us reduce these facts to the actual chances that they divulge. The basis of farm land values in the wheat growing sections of the United States is founded directly on the yield per acre. Therefore if wheat lands in Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas are worth $100 to $200 per acre, on the basis of an average yield of 13 bushels to the acre, it is obvious to anyone that the value of farm lands in Manitoba, for instance, must very soon reach this figure when it is remembered that the average yield of wheat for the same period equalled 21.5 bushels to the acre.

It is only a question of a few years at most when farm lands in Western Canada will sell at as high, if not a higher figure, as those obtaining in the United States to-day. Yet the chance is given the investor to buy farm lands in Western Canada to-day at approximately the same figure at which they sold in the United States forty and fifty years ago. And that, as any American will tell you, is the real reason why close to one million settlers have crossed the Canadian boundary from the United States within the past fifteen years.

Yet, in this very fact, we find a

warning to Canadians—as my friend from Kansas put it—in the opportunities that they neglect. Call it investment or speculation, as you will, the truth remains that Candians as a whole are prone to belittle from their own personal standpoint the far reaching opportunity that is offered in their own last west to make the most of the assured, certain increase in the valuation of the land. If you don't believe it ask a dozen of your friends—pick them out at random as I have done—if they are putting away in their safety deposit vaults their rightful share of the ultimate profits from the land.

The future importance of Western Canada as a farming country is undisputed. The very fact that Americans are leaving the agricultural sections of the United States for the newer lands of the Canadian west is proof enough of this. But the same reasons that stand behind the growth of the farming sections of the prairie provinces point out with equal force the tremendous future of the growing cities and towns.

We hear a lot said, in certain quarters about the "booming" of this town and that. With the inference usually unmistakable that no solid foundation exists for the rapid growth of the Western Canadian towns. No contention could be more absurd for, as a matter of fact, there is little or no "boom" about it, in the popular acceptation of that term.

### *The History That Repeats Itself.*

The same elements stand behind the growth of the towns and cities of Western Canada that existed in the early days of the great American cities. Back in the fifties people scoffed at the idea that Chicago would ever become more than a healthy frontier town. Cincinnatians—proud of their "Queen City of the West"—were particularly bitter in denouncing the "boom" conditions that existed in the growing city by the lake. But agricultural and commercial conditions *demanded* a great city on the spot where Chicago stands. So, in the following ten years, the struggling town became a great, thriving city of 109,206 inhabitants. And shortly after Cincinnati was left behind.

And yet, oddly enough, the people closest at hand—the investors of Cincinnati and St. Louis—were the ones who sat idly by and watched the people from Europe and the East gobble up the life-time chances that the sudden growth of Chicago made possible. Men of small means but shrewd discernment became millionaires in a few short years because—and here is the point—they were far enough away to realize the commanding future that Chicago possessed.

It is not a new story. Time and again—in the building of a new country—the same mistake has been made; the same opportunities neglected by those who were closest at hand. Kansas City for many years was the butt of jokes—St. Louisians jeered at the idea that it was not a big bubble all ready to be pricked. Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and Spokane were considered in their early days the cause for mirth. And, more latterly, Houston, Dallas, Oklahoma City and Fort Worth were looked upon as commercial impossibilities.

### *How The New Settlers Get The Pot.*

It is a paradoxical fact that in the growth of a new country the people closest at hand are the last to realize and appreciate the opportunities that lie at their feet. Canada, as a whole, is no exception to the rule. I never had this fact more strongly emphasized than on a recent trip through the towns and cities of the Canadian West.

In the first one I touched—a new divisional point on one of the great railway systems—I heard the interesting story of an Englishman who, coming to this country five years ago with $890, invested his whole capital in a few town lots on a business thoroughfare with the result that his property is worth to-day $36,000—a pretty good turnover in that period of time.

The Englishman's, however, is not an exceptional case. Quite on the contrary I gathered undisputed facts on close to one hundred other instances where small sums of money, invested

SEPARATED BY A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE OF THE FINEST FARMING DISTRICTS IN THE LAST WEST, IT IS ONLY LOGICAL THAT THERE SHOULD BE AMPLE ROOM FOR THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF ALL THE YOUNG CANADIAN CITIES

a few years ago in urban realty, have been turned into ample fortunes as a direct result of the increase in land values coincident with the growth of the Canadian West. And in all but three cases—for here is the lesson—the men who thus benefitted from the rise in values were new settlers on Canadian soil—Englishmen and Americans chiefly who, fresh from the lessons of their own countries, were determined to make the most of the chances offered in the last great country of the world.

The idea that the new towns and cities of Western Canada are benefitting at the present time from an artificial inflation of values is a ridiculous, and unfounded mistake. The future greatness of Winnipeg is as certain as was the ultimate importance of Chicago. The same underlying reasons are behind the birth of both. Nor is it less certain that Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Fernie, Lethbridge, Prince Rupert and the other growing cities of Western Canada will become in time the St. Louises, Kansas Cities, Denvers, Milwaukees, Omahas and Seattles of the Canadian West.

No country in the history of the world has attracted to its borders a larger number of settlers in so short a period of time and never before in a period of equal length has so much wealth been brought into a new country from outside its border lines. And the reason is this; that never before in the early stages of a country's growth has pioneering been accomplished under conditions comparable with these that exist in Western Canada to-day. The prairie schooner of the past, retarding as it did the settling of a new country, has given way to solid trains of vestibuled cars. And there you have the real reason for Canada's rapid growth.

There is no boom about it. It is as natural—as certain—that Western Canada will sustain its phenomenal growth as it was that the western states of the United States should have become the mecca of opportunity seekers from every nation of the globe. Throughout Western Canada, at given

intervals, great cities are destined to rise—cities that are just now bristing with ground-floor chances for the average man. And there is room for them all. To-day you can't place your finger on a single important agricultural district in the United States without finding, in the center of that district, a town or city of impelling size. Business, commercial and industrial laws demand that the city follow the farm. And so it is not surprising that the towns and villages of to-day are destined to become the great cities of to-morrow. Separated by a hundred miles or more of the finest farming districts in the last West it is logical that there should be room for the growth and progress of them all.

But why, you may still ask, should *all* of these cities and towns grow—why is it not possible that some may lag behind? The answer is this: find if you can, a single agricultural community in the United States to-day where there is not at least one great distributing center in each one hundred miles. That is the test. In the answer you have the reason for the certainty of the future of the villages, the towns and the cities of the Canadian West. You have the basic economic reason that is behind the growth of them all.

### *Three Ways To Get Your Profits.*

There are three ways to get in on the profits of the land. I have pointed out two—first, the investment possibilities in farming property and second, the opportunities open in urban real estate. The third, and only other way, is to benefit from the money-making chances in the products of the soil itself—to become a tiller of the land. In the first two I have covered the opportunities that Canadians neglect; the ground-floor chances that many are passing by. In the third we come to the actual neglected opportunities themselves. That is the distinction between the two.

No one in Canada can be accused of neglecting the chance to grow wheat. Therefore I shall not touch on that phase of the question. The fortunes that have been made from Canadian wheat need no comment further than to say that no country has ever taken from the ground, in the same term of years, so much wealth from agricultural pursuits. Ten years ago the total grain crop of the three prairie provinces was 109,552,531 bushels. To-day it exceeds 215,000,000 bushels. There is the whole wheat story in itself for—be it remembered—every stalk of this enormous yield has been grown where grain never grew before.

But, in the face of the wonderful fortunes that have been made in the growing of grain, no adequate provision has yet been made to take care of the constantly increasing demand for other products, made necessary by the growth of the country. So here—in this demand—is the great neglected opportunity of Western Canada to-day; the real chance for the small farmer to get in on the profits of the soil.

### *Honey the Dining-Car Superintendent Bought in St. Paul.*

I never had the real possibilities open in this branch of farming brought home more forcibly than when, a short while ago, bound west from Winnipeg with four hundred and seventeen new settlers on my train, I discovered anew the manner in which Canada is importing the foodstuffs for her own dinner board.

Going into the diner I had ordered some honey with my supper. It was unusually good. And so, thinking to please the superintendent of dining cars who sat opposite to me, I congratulated him on the perfection of the honey.

"Yes," he answered. "I think myself that it is about as good as money can buy."

"It certainly is," I continued. "Where, if I may ask, did you get it?"

"In St. Paul," he said hesitatingly.

"That's a pretty expensive place to get it, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Well, yes," he admitted frankly. "But the truth is that it can't be bought in Western Canada for love or money. There's a fortune in it, too, for the

SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE MAKING WESTERN CANADA PROSPERITY AND NEW TOWNS FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION GANG

first man who will take up the business. I'd personally guarantee, in fact, to take the total output of any apiary that started up along our line. For that matter I've often had a mind to go into beekeeping myself. Somebody's going to make a big thing out of it in the next few years."

That started things. Going down the bill of fare we took up, one after the other, the various vegetables, fruits and garden products that were listed. And without exception each was imported from a distance of several hundred miles. Yet this railroad alone —anxious and willing to buy from home producers—could easily purchase the season's products of a score of farms devoted in whole, or in part, to diversified farming. And that, I may say, is the big neglected opportunity of Western Canada to-day.

*Thirty-Two Potatoes To The Bushel.*

Potatoes are an example of this. The great bulk of those consumed in the prairie provinces are shipped in from afar. It is a ridiculous, unreasonable situation. Here and there a farmer may be found who has gone in for this crop or, perhaps, fitted it into a satisfactory rotation with his grain. And in every case he has achieved immediate success. The average yield runs close to 235 bushels to the acre, while in places where special attention has been given to the crop the returns greatly exceed this figure.

Two acres near Edmonton, Alberta, for instance, yielded 1,486 bushels of potatoes last fall -thirty-two of these making a bushel. So that, with the average price to the grower ranging from thirty-five to forty cents a bushel, it may be easily seen that potatoes furnish an excellent money crop. And yet, in the face of the tremendous demand existing throughout the provinces, no serious thought has yet been given to the growing of vegetable crops.

The same holds true of practically all of the garden and root crops. Western Canada is, as yet, misunderstood. People fail to realize the far reaching opportunities that are open on the soil. Nowhere are to be found more productive and profitable farming lands. The soil, which is black and deep, is better to-day than the finest soil in the rich agricultural sections of the United States while the climate—presenting a succession of long sun-shining days and ample showers—is ideal for the

growing of practically every kind of crop.

*The Last Chance Of The Continent.*

From a purely agricultural standpoint Canada is in its infancy to-day. And it is for this reason, if for no other, that it offers untold chances in the wealth of its land. At present wheat, as the world knows, is its greatest crop. But oats, barley, rye, flax and very likely Indian corn will eventually share the popularity of the present leading grain. Clover, alfalfa, peas, vetches and other legumes are certain also to find constantly increasing favor on these rapidly developing farms, while the garden crops, poultry and stock-raising must inevitably come into their own.

And that means—to get back once more to the opportunities that Canadians neglect—that the farm lands of to-day will double, treble and quadruple in value in the next few years. For, as diversified farming grows in extent, the value of farm lands will correspondingly increase. That is an actual, undisputed fact.

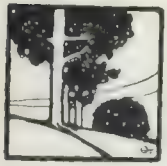
Arrived at from any angle Western Canada stands before the world to-day as the great country of opportunity. The back-to-the-land movement is here to stay. Put a pin in that. Land is becoming more and more the great maker of wealth. Put a spike in that. And now put a steel rivet in this—that Western Canada, both in its farm property and urban real estate, offers the greatest chances to make money out of the land of any country in the history of the world. And it is the last and only big chance left. There you have the neglected opportunities of Western Canada and the opportunities that Canadians neglect. If you don't believe it—if you don't *feel* it—take a tip from the stream of gold that is coming across the boundary line every day from the banks, the farms and the business houses of the United States—ninety-nine cents on every dollar of which is invested in Western Canada land.

# QUANDARY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

"OH, it is easy to forget,"
You said, and went away.
"A woman's heart is mendable,
Why, almost any day!"

Of course I must believe it,
For all you say is true,
Yet oh, my dear, my dear, my dear,
Whatever shall I do?



# In The Front Row

## HOW THE WIDOW MORIARTY GAVE LUIGI VELLUCCI HIS LICKS

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

MARY FITZLAND came hurrying into the City Hall almost at a run. She was late and her lateness was all Tom Walker's fault. He had called for her fifteen minutes after time, forgetting that, while his reserved seat on the platform would remain empty until he arrived, her chance at the packed gallery must be attended to on the dot. Mary detested unpunctuality; it mussed her up and she didn't look well mussed up. Moreover the young man had loitered and pleaded all the way down, had asserted that it was "wed or nothing" with him, that there wasn't any dangle in his constitution and he wouldn't hang around forever; while Mary's mind was never easily made up. Men are so unreasonable—and so impatient!

As a fact the girl had staked her decision at last upon this very debate to which she hurried. A long-advertised debate it was between that same Thomas Walker, the Reform-Mayor of Beddington, and Luigi Vellucci, "Our Bootblack Senator," the political boss whose visage bloomed perennial across every bill board the city owned, whose power threatened every atom of good, every possibility of good-to-come, the youthful Mayor had effected during his brief year of administration. The fever of it had drawn out every type of female Beddington could produce and offered a chance to Mary, watching her lover in the thick of the battle, to wrench from her vacillating heart the decision for which Tom had clamored these last ten days.

And she was late—awfully late! That funnel of twisted steps, which Beddington brazenly calls a stairway to the gallery of its hall, was packed and jammed. The president of "The Fortnightly"—not to be enrolled on those sacred lists argues one unknown to everybody in town worth knowing—was hurled roughly against Mary on the first turning of the stairs, the president of the young women's temperance society fought with her step by step along the whole length of the second flight, while all three were elbowed, trodden on, beaten back by Mag from the mill and Sal from the street corner. Half-way up the final

flight Mary became vexatiously conscious of the enormous bulk of the Widow Moriarty blocking all progress and moving with a slowness unendurable. Not that Miss Fitzland disliked the Widow Moriarty; but it was stifling and sweaty in that hole of a staircase and the jam of such slow progress was slopping into shapeless wrinkles a crisp bas-relief of embroidery upon her shirt-waist. Mrs. Moriarty's skill as a fine-starcher had been in high evidence across that breast but fifteen minutes ago.

Just at that moment the elephantine lady turned and rested, arms akimbo, to view the babble and bluster of the battle below. Standing thus at observation she caught sight of the girl behind her and effervesced. "Ah, darlin'! a warm day for you sure as sweatin'—there I shouldn't be usin' that word to th' likes of a lady like yourself; though it's what I do be doin'. Ah-h-h, th' stairs is cruel hard! Ye'll be askin' th' Mayor to fix a new entry to th' top gallery right off th' ground floor, 'twould be a great improvement I'm thinkin'. Tell him us ladies demands it."

"Why, Mrs. Moriarty," laughed the girl, "what are you doing here? The Call announced last night that you had just sailed for——"

A portentous wink cut her short. This, accompanied by an emphatic finger laid along a scrap of a nose, a scrap hardly discoverable between two beds of fat, and a countenance screwed comically awry, assured the least observing of observers that some vast mystery lay beneath that self-announcing presence.

Above, the gallery ran riot with races, costumes, women. French, Irish, English, American, Scandinavian, Italian by the herd, even Oriental, they were fighting frantically, pushing, leaping, tottering, towards the coveted row of front seats. Behind, an endless stream, a jumble of bodies flung pell-mell upwards, a jargon of angry voices, gushed from that funnel of a staircase. Amid the fight the president of The Fortnightly was proving that she could push with the pluckiest and the president of the temperance society had dropped her peace principles to resort to elbows. Mary Fitzland, gentle, hesitating, stood in the midst bewildered. Suddenly she was seized by an enormous red arm thrust out from the Babel, unconnected with any visible body, seized, flung, hauled, and awakening to consciousness found herself one of the occupants of the last two remaining of those front seats. In the other sat the Widow beaming between inundations of sweat.

"Ah, there!" cried the triumphant creature, "an' it takes muscle to get on in th' world. Literature and education don't count in a free fight—I pulled ye through!"

From the floor below, as Miss Fitzland leaned gingerly over, arose a hoarse roar of male voices to meet and mingle with the shrill sibillation of the feminine tumult above. The surge of meeting waves swept back and forth with the rhythmical beat of billows breaking on a beach. A torrent of men swashed in through the wide central door, blocked itself by the thrust of its own impetuousness, broke with a howl and then flooded the seats with a tumult as riotous as that above. Yet the men were more good-natured than the women, less individually self-assertive, more accustomed to this particular act in the human comedy. The bang of dropped chair-seats, the stamp of feet, the yells of district bosses intent on bunching their constituents, rose raucously through an atmosphere already blue with tobacco smoke. Mary Fitzland sniffed a bit superciliously out of that vaporous haze which twined garlands of phantom wreaths around the tarnished chandeliers. The tobacco was scarcely up to the quality her father, the Rector of St. James', smoked. But Mrs. Moriarty was gloating over her triumph in snatching those two last seats from "th' very mouths of them dagoes as was just waterin' after 'em," and unfurled a huge, varigated fan, fluttering it with impressive calm while the fury of the "dagoes" died down from spitting words to wrathful shrugs, in the row immediately behind.

"An' who should be havin' a front seat, if it isn't yourself as is th' same

as engaged to th' Mayor," she whispered. A newspaper announcement couldn't have spread the facts more universally than that whisper." It's no wonder ye're bound to hear th' speakin' an' th' Widder Moriarty's just th' lady to beat 'em to a frazzle for ye—every time." Here she glanced around at the much-impressed "dagoes."

The girl reddened through all her transparent skin, the blood storming up wave on wave. "I'm not engaged to him," she murmured sweetly for she was grateful and she did have a front seat, "nor is there any probability of such an event—as far as I know." She added the latter phrase hurriedly, for a minister's daughter should never tell a lie that is at all likely to be found out.

But she didn't deceive the astute widow who winked, as one trickster in the game to another. "G'wan," she bubbled over again, "we all talks like that till we gets 'em. 'Twas meself said to Norah Kennedy that Pat an' me was only friends, dear friends, of a mornin', an' accepted th' lad hisself before eight th' same evenin'. Glad enough to be gettin' him, too, I was."

She leaned far out, contemplating the crowd in her turn; but suddenly drew back, stiffening herself, thrusting the gaudy fan before her flaming visage. "I thought th' same," she shrilled, "Loogy's up to his deviltry. Talk about education: a dago's a dago under all th' Latin an' furrin languages ye can stick into him! Just take a peek, darlin', down into that corner ferninst th' platform an' th' dressin' room; for ye'll see scores an' scores of boys off th' very floors of th' saloons. Th' blatherin' bunco-steerer! I've a foot for th' tail of his coat bye'm bye—th' low-down, no-count cheese-chewer!"

She would have sputtered on, but Miss Fitzland pulled the fan down and the Widow beheld the procession emerging from the dressing room. First came the angular, spectacled, anaemic veteran who had led for decades that forlornest of all forlorn hopes, the Prohibition Party,—led them against the allied forces of righteousness as often as against the liquor power. Mary greeted him with an impatient shrug. It maddened her that a bigot should exist to whom Tom Walker, the reformer, and Luigi Vellucci, the demagogue, were nothing more than two scamps who licensed saloons. With this chairman of the day walked, to make all things even, the Socialist candidate for Governor. Behind came, arm in arm, the contestants. The race was going to be to the swift; Mary saw that at a glance. Trained with all other clerical children to view things from a dispassionately intellectual side, with all the daughters of a meagre income to over-value success, she realized at once that the slim, high-bred Mayor with his correct apparel, correct even to the shade of his pearl gray four-in-hand, was no match for the flaring fellow at his side. He had advertised himself as apart from the populace—he had thrown cold water on his chances before he had any—and the daughter of a rector who refused to wear the raiment of the Church in his daily walks because he knew how to appeal to a mill-city, wrote "failure" after the name of Walker. Vellucci's superb physical set-up, his scarlet tie, his cabbage-rose of a button-hole-bouquet, proclaimed in that crazy-quilt of assembled nations the afore-assured victor. "If he only isn't too sure," Mary whispered to herself—"if he only isn't—too sure. That's Tom's chance."

The Prohibitionist introduced the first contestant, "our honored Mayor."

His performance was worse than the girl had anticipated and, so far, she was unable to judge the man by anything save her brain. Walker had been thrust into greatness by his honesty, his common sense and his wide knowledge of municipal affairs both at home and abroad. He was wise, merciless, tactful, clever—he could not speak in public. The horror came in the fact that he thought he could. He hadn't been five minutes on his feet before the girl knew that he was proving his own worst boomerang. Watching him with a stare which ached in her eyes, writhing under every dull sentence, every pompously-worded theorem, every statistic that he piled upon statistic, she clenched her hands with

convulsive twitchings until the seams in her faultless gloves split and gaped. The address was fit for a gathering of academicians, she told herself wrathfully, sensible, logical, profound, right, dull. Dull with a direful, deadly, dolorous dulness which failed to recognize the squirming audience as a proof of its own unutterable failure. As it went on and on and on, she began to be sure of her own heart—or thought she was. The girl had not yet learned that all isn't dross which fails to glitter and, with her intense intellectuality, could almost have cried out "Yes," then and there to Luigi Vellucci with the delightfully reproachable morals and honeyed tongue.

But the Widow Moriarty hung on every sentence as though the orator dropped florins rather than figures from his mouth. As he sat down amid the most perfunctory of applause she switched towards her neighbor with astonishing agility considering her bulk.

"Hot stuff !" she crowed, "not a word of it could I be understandin' ! But it were just grand listenin' to him flingin' round rayferrendums an' th' like o' that. A proud girl ye'll be th' day an' glad ye're goin' to marry th' man."

But Mary's exasperation had reached its limits, from the shattered fragments of that idol which her heart had set up for her brain to worship, she blazed with winking eyes and bitter tongue.

"I wouldn't marry the best man living," she stormed.

"Ye can't," retorted the widow out of abysms of calm, "for I had him an' he's dead. But ye'll find th' Mayor'll make a first rate second best," she added consolingly, blinking at the girl in dim wonder to find her so upset after this masterly bit of oratory. "He'll beat Loogy yet—see if he don't—unless Loogy gets to springin' some of his lies." But she cheered visibly, "I'm here—I'm here solid."

The chairman was by this half-way through his introduction for "one of the best known of our citizens, a man who has presided over the destinies of the state in the upper house of our legislature—the Hon. Luigi Vellucci."

He caught the attention of the audience at once, holding it in leash with a cleverness which flashed out, here and there, into genius. After the first few moments of anguished indignation that Tom should have dared to face such a rival, Miss Fitzland was lost in her intellectual delight over the sheer power of the performance. She caught herself almost smacking her lips in her relish—how good it was ! Beneath his comic raillery, his flights of simple eloquence, his plausible assumption of logic, he contrived to insinuate a sense of comradeship, of love for his fellows. It wasn't really there; Mary felt sure that every man in the audience knew that Vellucci was in the game for—cold cash. Yet the witty, straightforward talk thrilled even her. It was a slangy address, full of ginger, sneering away the "highfalutin" theories of impractical reformers. Over and over again Vellucci flung his statistics at the crowd, statistics which proved how much money Reform had filched out of Beddington's poverty-stricken purse during the last eleven months. The figures cracked like a whiplash over the tingling audience.

He paused. He rolled eyes of horror from one end of the room to the other. In the stillness, excitement pulsed and grew. Luigi stepped to the edge of the platform.

"I am not done," he cried and his voice sank to the echoes of a charnel vault. "One tragic duty remains. I have challenged the administration: I challenge the administrator. Only last night facts were forced upon my notice, appalling, startling facts, facts which loom black and hideous around his dishonorable Honor—the Mayor."

Mrs. Moriarty bounced like an agitated rubber ball in her seat, only the clutch of Miss Fitzland's hand upon her back breadths prevented her from leaping into notice.

"Let me go, darlin' !" She yanked furiously at those restraining breadths, "let me go ! Th' murderin' monster—th' liar—I'll spoil the mug on him—I'll- "

"Be quiet," pleaded Mary, "hear what the fellow's saying."

"These facts," thundered the speaker," must drive forever from political life that crew of Pharisees who

"YER HONOR!" BELLOWED THE WIDOW MORIARTY, "YER HONOR! I'M HERE AND I WANTS TO SPEAK!"

devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long reports." He switched suddenly around and faced Tom Walker. "I accuse the Mayor," he roared, "the high-minded Mayor, the leader of Reform with a big 'R' at the front of it—I accuse the Mayor of having sold to the city, under an assumed name, and for eight thousand dollars, the land on which the new reservoir is to be built, of having signed with one hand the bill and with the other flipped those thousands into his pocket."

Mary Fitzland sat trembling with a face as pale as that of the man upon the platform who faced his accuser beneath the stare of a slowly angering mob. Not that she believed the accusation. It was one of Tom's quixotic blunders and she proclaimed it so from the start; but she knew her heart at last. "A fool and his office are soon parted," she murmured to herself—"and his sweetheart too." She couldn't love where she could not admire and she would not marry without love.

The inexorable voice went on, "I accuse the Mayor of having known for over eight months the probable location of the reservoir; of having, with this full knowledge, purchased seven months ago under that same assumed name the tiny farm of Mrs. Moriarty, an estimable and well-known citizen, for five thousand dollars. That was the site selected and his net gain is three thousand dollars—I can prove everything. Mrs. Moriarty has"—here Mary could hardly hold the frantic creature down, though grasping with both hands "unfortunately sailed for her native heaths but the papers are here—the proof is on this table beside which I speak. Ah, my friend!" he addressed the Mayor directly, "friend of my boyhood's innocent sports, rival of my high school ambitions, neighbor for these many years, I pity you! I doubt not your noble purposes; but you with hosts beside have walked in the Valley of the Shadow of Graft and you have lost there the rod of your righteousness, the staff of your sincerity."

He sat down amid a numb silence which broke, after a moment, into a tempest of cheers and stampings. The Mayor sat dumb, a blush slowly burning through his deadly pallor. After a moment the Hon. Henry Hawkins, Republican boss of the city, arose. He was not sorry the thing had happened, he was glad Tom Walker had flunked—this Mary knew. For generations the offices had been equably divided between the henchmen of the two great parties and no one had interfered. Then this lily-fingered dude—so Hen Hawkins openly called him—broke into the gang and refused to play the game. Spoils had not been easy. The girl, who knew how tremendously the Hon. Hen's contributions had fallen off in all religious directions since Walker darkened across his horizon, smiled to see the man rise to preserve decency by an attempt at an apology. Her smile was bitter and a bit tremulous. Her heart had a few things yet to quarrel over with her head.

"Voters of Beddington," babbled the Hon. Hen, "I trust you will not condemn unheard an innocent [illegible]"

He was thrust aside. The Mayor faced the crowd.

"Fellow citizens!" Not a shade of pedantry, not a note of scholasticism, was left in that resonant voice, "It is true. I bought the land, I sold it to the city, the prices quoted in both instances are correct. I have no proofs to back up any statement which I might wish to offer as explanation for the facts—but I don't wish to offer any. I have lived among you thirty years. If those years have not convinced you of my good faith, no words [illegible]"

One long, quivering howl yelped through the room. From one end to the other swept the surges of the inappeasable wrath of a defrauded, deluded, disillusioned people. They screamed their anger at the shyster standing before them. They yelled, cursed, denounced, and finally from that bunch of young men, gathered near the platform and off from the floors of the saloons, missiles began to fly. The chairman called upon the police; but the police, divided into two bands, one at the entrance to the hall the other at the exit from the platform, were imprisoned by the jam of people. They couldn't interfere had they wished—apparently they did not wish. A rotten cabbage struck the Mayor full in the face, then another, then another, then a stale egg, then another. Oozing with rot and yellow stench, bruised and hounded, he stood erect, undaunted, unafraid. Mary Fitzland began for the first time to judge him from her heart, and found him every inch a man.

Out from the pandemonium at last one assertive sound made itself heard. More and more, as the frantic gavel-poundings mellowed the din, this one sound rose dominant, the scream of a woman's voice demanding audience.

"Yer Honor," bellowed the Widow Moriarty, "Yer Honor, I'm here and I want to speak."

The widow held the key to the whole situation. It was "one of Looey's lies" it must be—it was the plot that the quick-witted Irish woman had expected and come prepared to meet.

"TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS?" MARY MURMURED REFLECTIVELY. "JUST ENOUGH TO PURCHASE A GOOD SOLITAIRE."

if an explanation could be made, now was the time to make it—Mary loosened up her hold on those stout back breadths and leaned pantingly back. She lighted the fuse and sat shivering in anticipation of the explosion.

"I wants to speak," screamed the Widow Moriarty, "I wants to speak."

Luigi Vellucci heard that wail and the smug assurance evaporated from his lips. Tom Walker heard and lifted a protesting finger towards the gallery; at last the chairman heard—and the crowd. The wild wrath wasted away gradually; men gaped up at the bouncing figure as open-mouthed as if they beheld a ghost—there was nothing ghostly about the Widow Moriarty; finally the Prohibitionist arose and lunged awkwardly forward.

"This is excessively unusual," he protested, but, as the controversy hinges on property formerly belonging to Mrs. Moriarty, a highly respected resident of this metropolis, as Mr. Vellucci admirably declared, and as the lady appears to be present, noticeably present, if you will pardon an interjection of jocularity—I have—ah ! —I have decided to allow her to be heard !

"Faith !" sneered a voice from the floor, "she's thot widout ye're permittin'!" For the lady was in full torrent on the moment. "Faith an' I went to th' old country, Loogy Velloushy, did I ?—an' I didn't. Here I am an' up there on th' platform I'd like to be, smackin' ye sound, same's when ye stole my melons twenty years ago —do ye mind that, Loogy Velloushy ? I've a fine hand for th' clackin' yet—do ye mind that, Loogy Velloushy ?"

At the roar which followed this sally, the pallid face of the Boss incarnadined. Mary with the swift relief of it laughed almost convulsively.

"Twas ten months ago," the widow flowed on in the even gush of narrative, but her quivering voice searched out every corner of the room, "that Loogy, mind you, Loogy hisself, came sneaking round to offer me two thousand dollars for my bit of land—he did that. I ain't that kind of a fool. I didn't sell; an' so my Mikey—he ain't but half-baked, the poor innocent gossoon—gets into trouble with th' police; an' Loogy steps up kind of terrible an' swears by all th' saints an' by th' Queen of Heaven herself that, unless I'll sell, he'll send my Mikey to th' Reform School—he does that; an' they whips 'em terrible in th' Reform school, as needs to be reformed themselves—they does that; an' I was clean crazy, with my property an' my Mikey an' Loogy sayin' things—I was that; an' th' Doctor up an' tells me I mustn't whip Mikey, not once, he's such a weak heart—he does that, th' Doctor I mean. Well, I went to Tom Walker, seein' as I'd lived neighbor to him more'n twenty years. I goes to Tom an' I tells him all about Loogy—I does that; an' Tom he buys my bit of land; an' he tells that palaverin' varmint of a Dago that th' bit of land's his: an' he gives me five thousand dollars—he does that. An'," the lady stopped a full minute, paused on outstretched pinions of impressive oratory above that hushed amalgamation of nationalities, "what's more, when he sold th' place to th' city last week, he brought me them three thousand dollars over—he did that; an', what's more, I've got the check !" She dived momentarily down into the depths of her agitated bosom, produced a long slip of pale pink paper, and swung it like a banner above that pack of heads below. In the centre of the throng one man clapped his hands once, a harsh discordant note in the awesome stillness; then stopped, frightened by his own temerity.

"So," pealed on the triumphant widow, "when Hannah Moran, th' mealy-mouthed old creature, came moosing around three weeks ago, askin' would I like to be buying a round-trip to Ireland, one-third-price, seein' her man's sickness had upset her plans that bad, I smelled a rat an' I nipped him in th' bud—I did that. I remembered her man was own uncle to Loogy hisself; an' I more'n noticed that th' sailin' 'd be after gettin' me off before this meetin'; an' I wasn't goin' to miss a good chance, so I swapped th' ticket—ye can swap 'em ten days before——"

But the house had risen again. Cheers and laughter rocked the hall.

Men thumped with their feet, pounded with their hands, threw back their throats and yelled and yelled. The women leaped up and down, waved handkerchiefs, scarfs, even hastily-snatched-off hats, while, at the centre of the gallery, the president of the temperance society was splashing the Copenhagen-blue bosom of the president of "The Fortnightly" with a gush of unchecked tears. And Mary Fitzland, Mary the daughter of the Rector of St. James', bolt upright in the front row, was shouting herself hoarse and waving a flimsy rag of a handkerchief all the time. Someone started a shout, "Hurrah for our next Governor, Thomas Walker!" It was given twenty times without intermission. But the mayor, unflinching during the bitterness of the assault upon his honor, huddled into a seat, his face between his hands. The yellow smudges of the eggs dribbled between his fingers. Vellucci had fled.

"Mr. Chairmans," spoke a voice, when peace began to suggest itself as a possibility once more, and Hermengilde Decelles, a leader of the French Republicans, was recognized from the floor, "I tinks we done wrong t'ing sp'ilin' dat nice close on His 'Anneer de Mayer. O yass, I t'row de aigg—I pay de dommage. I gif wan dollar buy heem new close." A silver dollar, hurled by a brawny arm, flew glistening through the brilliantly lighted hall, winking and twinkling as it sped to drop at the feet of the man so lately howled down by an angry town. The action caught the excited imagination of the crowd, swept by such surges of wrath, prejudice and pity. The contagion spread and, though the Mayor leapt to his feet, stretched out begging hands, cried, "I implore you, gentlemen—really this is not needed—I have abundance—" the money pattered and pelted from every direction. Even Luigi's horde of saloon scourings thrilled to the impulse and added their dimes and nickels. Hen Hawkins, than whom none knew better when to yield to the crowd, whispered a smiling word in the young man's ear and he arose to address the people.

"I thank you," he said brokenly, "I thank you—the money shall go for some public charity—"

Decelles was on his feet in a minute. "For yourself," he shouted, "I'm spikin' for dese people—for yourself. Promise you use heem yourself!"

And Thomas Walker promised.

Mary Fitzland was compelled to wait a good half-hour for the Mayor. She waited, on the outskirts of his thronging friends, smiling softly to herself. After all he was a big goose, chivalric, quixotic, absurdly literal in his piety; but, if he was a big goose, he was also a big dear—she knew that at last. When he came, the worst evidences of the fray had been removed. She kept the conversation impersonal all the way home. Didn't he like the feel of fall in the air?—couldn't they wait a moment to watch the electric light dance on the boiling waters of the falls?—how blithe was the crisp crackle of frost-fallen leaves beneath their feet; September wasn't really a dolorous month, was it?—and she had entered her own yard before she broached the subject of the evening.

"Tom," her tones quavered curiously and her hands clung convulsively to the gate-top, "how much money did you reap off that platform?"

"Hen Hawkins picked it up." The young fellow spoke with a quiver of surprise and his voice was full of questioning. "There was a little over two hundred and fifty dollars." He shifted his position so that he could catch her face in the murk of the tree-shadows, but she instantly turned and eluded him.

Mary lifted her eyes reflectively towards the stars and silence swept in between them for a moment. "Just enough," she murmured at last, and her murmur was scarcely loud enough for the man to catch, "to purchase a good solitaire diamond ring. I never did like them too large."

Now it is self-evident that no maiden can lift her eyes to the stars without elevating her lips also; therefore it was horrid of Tom to take advantage—there is something of the brute left at the bottom of the best of masculine creatures. Women simply endure men, that is all.

# In the Heart of Old Mexico

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Illustrated from Photographs

SECOND PAPER

*From Coyuca de Catalan to Firandaro*

The night passed without rain or incident of any kind and the day broke in splendor, although as usual very hot. Up to Coyuca we had journeyed about four hundred and twenty-five kilometres, counting from the capital, and about the same distance separated us from our destination, the mouth of the Balsas. By water we had voyaged quite one hundred and fifty kilometres in only two days or at the rate of seventy-five per diem, which was the velocity permitted by the current. Calculating upon this, there still remained three days at least before arriving at the sea.

Soon after leaving Coyuca we passed on our right the village of Punzarabato, a rich copper zone, and we began to descry the Cerro de Santo Domingo at the base of which was to be seen small rancheria, passed by us on the left. The river again became engulfed between mountains and the landscape began to grow wilder. A narrow gorge serves as an entrance to the mountainous labyrinth, a gorge formed by the Cerros of Santo Domingo and Tario, in proximity to the Paso Real where a service of boats is organized for crossing the river by travellers from Guerrero to Michoacan. To the right of us came into view a maize field, the *milpas* or shoots of which attracted so much the attention of Colonel Davidson and his companions that he gave orders to stop here for reconnoitering and studying the conditions of the soil and the cultivation of same. It was a pleasure to watch the interest and admiration of these millionaires at the sight of such exuberance in vegetation. The average height of the canes was about 4.70 metres, some reaching 5.10. Two men, standing on the shoulders of the other, would only reach two thirds of the total length. That plantation, with its abundant fruit enabled one to form a correct opinion of the fertility of the soil up till now virgin and so imperfectly worked. The maize is sown without the aid of any utensil but the *machete* of the Indians, the seed being left to the mercy of nature with no manure whatever and trusting completely to the fertility of the soil. Davidson and the experts Field and McBain affirmed that they had never seen anything like it and we all agreed that if properly cultivated and better seeds were employed, the soil would produce marvellous results. The land here is clayey and abounds in mould and manure brought down by the river during its frequent overflows.

My appetite being by this time somewhat sharpened it occurred to me to ask of Emile: "What is the *plat du jour*, Emile?" — "*Boeuf a la mode* and

*poulets rotis*," replied the chef preparing to serve us.

I presume to know something about the succulent products of Le Mans and La Bresse in regard to *poulardes* and capons, but I must confess that my appetite was such, and the birds were prepared so well, that I really could not establish any difference between them, not to say anything of the "*boeuf a la mode*" which we enjoyed as much if not more than if we were sitting in one of the most accredited Paris restaurants. After lunch we resumed our shooting exercise, and fresh iguanas and alligators fell to our shots. For the first time we saw the pink herons, so pretty that we felt pity for them falling prey to our guns. These, like the ducks and other birds, flew away terrified at our approach, so strange must it have appeared to them to see human beings in those parts—undoubtedly for more than a year not a single boat had gone over the ground.

About five o'clock we arrived at the confluence of the Balsas with the Rio de los Placeres, which, passing through the auriferous districts of El Oro, Gardanoy Maranjo, brings down water from Guerrero impregnated with this precious metal sometimes discharged into the very Balsas river itself. Its waters were almost clean and tempted one to take a dip—some of our friends did have a delightful bath although they had to manoeuvre so as to avoid getting into the dirty Balsas water. The Colonel expressed a desire to stretch his benumbed limbs and wanted to land, but as it was not feasible to take the launch right up to the bank, it was necessary to be carried to land on the back of a native and in the same way return to the boat. A few miles, more and we moored at Firandaro, a small town, where it was decided we should pass the night. We learnt here by telegraph that Favila had duly received our message from Coyuca, and that he would wait for us at Facatula at the Hacienda of the Licenciado Lopez.

While McBain and Lee Stark were selecting a site for our camp near the cemetery where they found a suitable flat piece of ground and overseeing the erection of our tents, I was carried away by curiosity towards the Campo Santo, now almost abandoned and only about twenty paces from my own tent. I penetrated into the precinct with all the respect due to the idea of death and came to the conclusion that no sepulture had taken place for a long time past as I could trace no signs of recently moved earth and the tombs had the appearance of being those of a past generation. These had all the shape of an obelisk or sarcophagus and were constructed of sun-dried bricks and then whitened. The fact of the grass being completely dry, and bearing signs of having served as a pasture for all kinds of cattle, confirmed my impression that it was abandoned ground. As I wandered, my mind indulged in the thought that possibly many of those who here rested in eternal sleep had met their death in defence of their country or of their ideals during the struggles for which this part of the country was the theatre.

Not a single tomb bore the name of he who rested therein. Either a date in Roman figures, a cross, or the letters R. I. P., were the only signs to be seen. The greater part must have been constructed or closed up when the Spaniards still governed the country. Farther on I noticed a tomb on which something could be read, and in good Spanish I traced:—"ROGAD POR MI (Pray for me)—MDCCCVIII." There was no name here, but the words expressed a request, a prayer, and I could not resist the supplication. Uncovering, I silently dedicated a thought to him or her who evidently was not an unbeliever.

After this a great anxiety to leave the place came over me, but I had difficulty in finding the exit, owing to the growing darkness, but the voices of my companions came to my aid and guided by them, I was not long in rejoining the party just as they were about to go on board for dinner. With my cigar still alight I entered my tent just as a flash of lightning, followed by a roll of thunder, announced the coming storm. By the weak light of a candle, I arranged my trestle-bed by the side of that of Ibarra, making sure

that my mosquito net had no hole in it. I must confess that my apprehension of the *mocco* did not leave me during the whole excursion, as it is well known that through its bite the greater part of contagion in tropical diseases is produced.

As it commenced to rain, and noticing that our tent was planted on a slight incline, and that the water could penetrate easily, I placed my baggage on a camp chair and went to bed, covering myself up well for some protection against the effects of the storm which was about to break over us. A few minutes later the tempest was in full rage. The rain beating upon the canvas made a terrible noise and, as I predicted, the water soon inundated our tent and we appeared to be in the middle of a river. This state of things lasted for two hours when at last the wind and rain abated and all becoming more calm I endeavored to go to sleep, still thinking of that lugubrious place I had visited some hours before.

Ibarra slept profoundly through it all, only now and again allowing the name of a lady to escape—the name of the lady of his thoughts, who, in the midst of his work and troubles, accompanied him even in his sleep. The calm was now complete throughout the camp and one could hardly hear the chatting of the boatmen and watchmen who, wrapped in their cloaks, formed a group near the tents.

*From Firandaro to Luke's Camp*

At 6.15 a. m., the Centenario, as well as the baggage launch, left their moorings. The programme of the day's journey was to descend 100 or 110 kilometres of the river, which is the distance from Firandaro to the town of Balsas, but, as the river now takes the form of a backwater the intensity of the current decreased, and we advanced very slowly, the rowers having to make use of their oars so as to keep up to the time-table. After deviating towards the north on account of a curve, the Balsas waters became confounded with those from the San Geronimo river which, proceeding from Michoacan, joins the former at a place bearing the same name as the latter river. We were now a few kilometres south of the gold and silver mines of Pinolillo, Las Anonas, Cames, Huarate and Salada, and northeast we left also the argentiferous properties, Guadalupe, Las Lajas, La Funcion and Tepehuaje, and to the south there remained the copper and silver mines of El Limon. Shortly after passing Ciricuaro, the river divides the mining district of Cujaran and Churumusco, abounding in copper, which extends far to the north with rich lodes in Euganico, Cruz, Cayaco and Inguaran, the properties of Messrs. Rothschild who will shortly convert them into one of the most important mining exploitations of Mexico, exporting the products over the railway which they propose to construct between Inguaran and Sihuatanejo, a small harbor on the Pacific Coast, which the reader will have acquaintance with later on. We were thus navigating "entre placeres" (through the mining district), and as the river here is boxed in, as it were, between mountains and is allowed to plow only through green and tortuous glens, we frequently suffered from the effects of the rapids which made our frail barque rock, so that once our cooking-stove chimney fell overboard, and we had great trouble in recovering it. As a precaution against another accident of this kind and perhaps the loss of our cooking utensils, Flora mounted guard near the stove to save them if necessary.

Unlike in the prairie regions where the river is at times more than a hundred metres in breadth, through this district it narrowed to forty or fifty, on which account the depth increased to four or five metres. For several hours we traversed quite wild and uncultivated districts. Now and again we passed a solitary ranch which appeared to our view from amidst the foliage on the bank, and the inhabitants ran away in all directions, frightened at the sight of us. Undoubtedly it is very seldom that any boat passes that way. Naked and bronzed children ran along the bank shouting loudly, and had all the appearance of monkeys rather than human beings. The inhabitants of those miserable dwellings are shepherds, cattle being the sole product of these

OUR CAMP AT SANTO TOMAS. COLONEL DAVIDSON OVERSEES THE PITCHING OF OUR TENTS

wild parts, and the soil serving for nothing better than pasturage.

Nevertheless, not one of these cabins was without its maize field, from which plant the Indian obtains his means of subsistence. With the flour he prepares the tortillas (a kind of thin cake or biscuit half-cooked) or the bread of the Mexican Indian. In the baked corn-cob he has the *clote* and the skin serves to cook the *tomales* in. The maize flour, coarsely ground and mixed with cream, constitutes the *jocoque* given to infants and with maize, cheese and with butter these people are able to cover all their necessities. The maize again even supplies the Indian with alcohol which he extracts by very primitive means from the canes or *milpas* as they call them. For sweetening, they employ the *panela*, an imperfect kind of sugar, and for condimenting, they have the capsicum and various wild spices with which they prepare their classic *cuchiladas*. On passing by "El Melonar" we heard the disagreeable cackling of the *chachalacas*, a kind of fowl very abundant in the country and of a fair size. Their permanence among the foliage prevented us from getting a shot at them. The river Arroyo Blanco, which brings down clean water from the Guerrero side, gave us the opportunity of taking in this commodity, and furnished the corresponding stoppage. As at Firandaro the water did not inspire our confidence; our pitchers, etc., had become empty since the previous evening.

We shortly came to such strong rapids that the vigilance of Flora served no good purpose whatever. A violent swinging movement took us all by surprise and nearly wrecked us but, worst of all, down went the pots and pans, spilling all the contents—lunch—irreparably. We should have also lost the cook-stove chimney this time if not for the presence of mind and temerity of one of the Indians who, without any fear of burning his hands, held it firmly and so prevented it from falling into the river at a place where the velocity of the current would have prevented us from recovering it. After this little incident it goes without saying that the succulent lunch, which Emile was at such pains preparing for us, had to be exchanged for a cold repast. Some cooked eggs, which escaped the disaster, bread, ham and fruit, comprised the frugal meal with which we had to content ourselves until dinner time.

The landscape now changed brusquely and we entered into rocky parts in

which the predominating vegetation consists of *tunas* or *nopales* (prickly pear plants) and cactus. The current again became very fierce but the pilot navigated the boat so cleverly as to deserve the applause of the passengers who were becoming somewhat uneasy.

"I say, Pancho," I ventured to ask, "have we still much ground to cover in this manner or shall we soon get into smoother waters ?"

"Quen sabe, Senor ?" he replied "esta' muy fiero"—("who knows, Sir ? —it is very savage.") In this manner do the Indians express their idea of a bad route.

"But tell me, my boy,"—I continued, "do you know these parts ? Have you been this way before ?"

"Dende aque," replied Pancho in the words which the Indians employ to explain—"Not for a long time."

For the first time, we saw, growing on the river bank, the plant from which castor oil is extracted, the famous higuerilla of the tropics, completely unknown to me. Strange noises overhead made us lift our eyes to see a big flight of parrots which soon disappeared from our view. The presence of these tropical birds, which never had I seen before on the wing, brought to my memory the story of the Tampico parrot, which, after escaping from the house of its owner, a schoolmaster, together with whose pupils it had learnt to spell, taught its companions of the forest to do likewise, and one day on which the master with his pupils went for a walk in the country, the truant-parrot, with its winged disciples surrounded them repeating various combinations of syllables and then flew away, the culprit crying, "Master ! I've also got a school." We saw several flocks of these birds just then and as they flew in the direction of the sea we knew we were approaching the coast which is the favorite resort of these beautifully plumed birds.

The breadth of the river was again becoming considerable and although my rough plummet continued to register four metres depth, I calculated the width at more than seventy metres.

It was at four o'clock when a discharge sounded right in the ear of poor McBain, nearly deafening him; instinctively we looked towards the bank where two beautiful deer were fleeing in search of refuge. Lee Stark, always on the alert, had seen them before anyone else and had fired at them without success. Undoubtedly these parts were very frequented by these animals as we noticed numerous traces of them on either bank.

With a breadth of more than a hundred metres the river described a curve towards the south-west, and we came to the conclusion that this point was that marked on our map as in proximity to the town of Balsas.

At five o'clock it was determined to terminate the day's journey. As we had been informed that at Balsas we should not find a good shore for mooring we began from this moment to look about for a suitable place. Mr. Lewis Lukes landed and, climbing up the steep bank, discovered a splendid meadow surrounded by *organales* and *chumberas* (prickly pear plants) which to all of us seemed just the right place for our camp. It was immediately dubbed "Lukes' Camp" by common consent, and we began to make preparations for passing the night. The sun was still pretty high and while our men were busy fixing up the tents we all went in search of shade under the fine willows so abundant on the bank. The water we found to be less dirty than usual, and the Colonel and others took advantage of this circumstance to take a bath. At sunset my companions retired to rest a little and I, without noticing that I had been left alone, became so absorbed in thought of my loved ones far away in Spain, that I had no idea of what was going on around me. All at once a fresh and rather high voice aroused me from my lethargy and I was enjoyed to hear a couplet accompanied only by the murmur of the water in the distance:

"La Virgen de la Consuelta
Cuando pasa por el puente
Dice á la de los Peligros
Si te quieres venir, vente."

It was Flora who, while doing the washing on the river-bank, was remembering her national romances.

"Are you from Murcia, Flora ?" I

DOWN SWEPT THE LITTLE CENTENARIO THROUGH THE BOILING WATERS OF THE RIVER

cried to her on recognizing the typical air of that province of which the Virgin La Fuensanta is the patroness. "From the very Huerta," (Huerta in this case signifies right out in the country amidst the fruit gardens) "Don Salvador," she replied without leaving off her work for a moment. Two minutes had not passed when the same voice broke out into something more lively and playful; the words and notes of the famous tango:—

"Tengo dos lunares
Tengo dos lunares
El uno junto à la boca—"

Such unexpected singing of known airs gladdened my spirit and almost made me think I had not left Spain, so many were the memories invoked.

But night was approaching and since mid-day, when we had lunched so frugally, we had not touched any food whatever. Emile called us for dinner and it may be imagined how sprightly we all responded to his call. On leaving the "Centenario" to go to bed it was pitch dark and the stars shone as I had never seen them before. By a strange optical effect, due no doubt to its being a tropical region, the firmament seemed to be coming down upon me, even the "Milky Way" appearing to be much closer. In vain did I endeavor to recognize the stars and find some of the constellations familiar to me. They were all there but out of the places in which in Spain I was accustomed to watch them. My scarce astronomical knowledge explains my ignorance, but I could not help feeling the strange effect produced upon me, making me think I was in a world distinct from that I usually inhabited. The singing of the Indians, who, just behind us were having their supper and enjoying the sucking pig so despised by the Europeans, was wafted over to us mixed with the couplets of Flora, and with this strange music I was gradually lulled to sleep not to awake until the break of day.

### *El Infiernillo* (*Little Hell*)

At seven o'clock we struck camp and after breakfast we proceeded on our way. As during the night we had received no news from the messenger we had sent to Balsas to inquire after Favila, who in company with the Licenciado Lopez was collecting animals for the excursion along the coast, we stopped at Balsas and were told that the engineer and Licenciado had left the night previous, taking with them the necessary animals for the journey along the coast and through

the forests of the Pacific, and that they would await us at the Hacienda de San Francisco in proximity to the river mouth.

We were also told of the danger attaching to the passing of the "Canon del Salto" by boat, the "Canon del Salto" being an enormous waterfall situated at the place called "El Infiernillo," and we were advised to take competent guides and good ropes with us so as to restrain the boats from the banks if necessary. This advice having been duly taken into consideration, we resumed the journey, taking with us a guide and ropes.

A little way from Balsas our river receives the waters of the Marques which in great quantity flows from the State of Michoacan. At the union of both rivers we were detained for a few moments. Mr. Lukes, at the foot of a superb specimen of trompetillas silvertres (a wild bell-shaped flower which our companions styled as "morning glosses,") presented a good subject for our untiring cameras. From these white flowers we formed a wreath with which we desired to adorn the Colonel's helmet, but he, always so gallant, deposited it on the head of our good Flora, brave companion of our glories and fatigues.

The river Marques is a good full river as I have indicated, and on joining the waters of the Balsas the united rivers form a curve almost at right angles and take a southerly direction. We were approaching the "Infiernillo" and consequently the risky passage of the much feared *canon*.

Engulfed among the glens of "Las Higueras" and "Huenimito," both rocky and of blackish aspect which announced the presence of coal, we again came to depths of more than six metres and the river was becoming narrower and narrower. We still enjoyed the view of a meadow now and again and on the banks saw the tracks of deer, Lee Stark even having the idea that he saw one and firing at it without success. The Indians affirmed that pumas abound in these parts as also jaguars, but we did not perceive either.

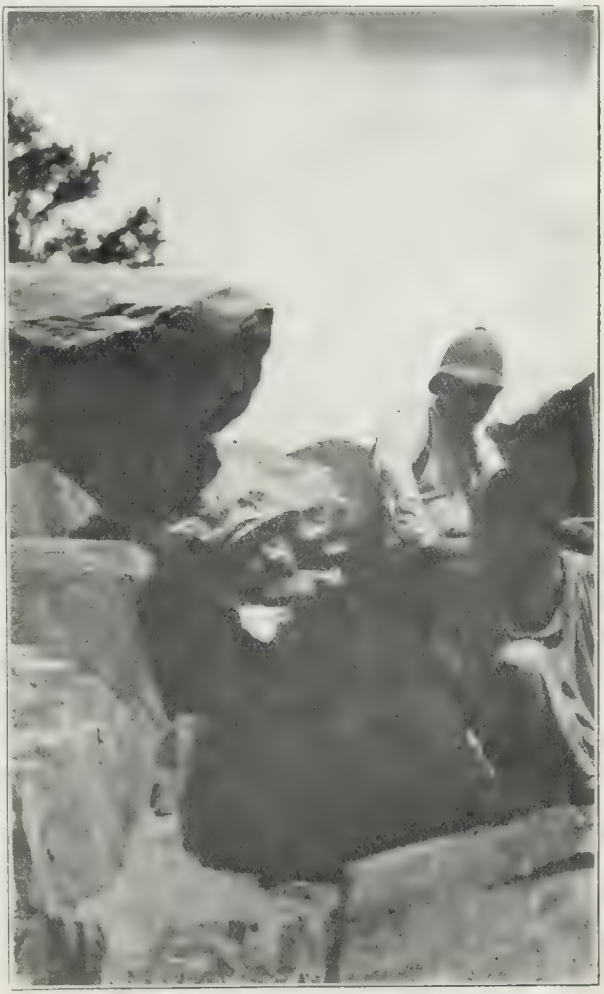
On coming out of the "Huenimito" we entered into "El Abrojal" where some herds of mares were pasturing in the Hacienda de Panda. Numerous colts and mules followed the boats, cantering along the banks. We observed also a quantity of *chuminpus*, little trees which bear fruit of a species of apple so much liked by cattle of all kinds.

The river now was gradually losing itself in a narrow gorge confined between rocky cliffs. In a very short time we would be in the very midst of it. We were in the presence of the "Canon del Salto," which, in the form of a funnel was to swallow us and conduct us to the coast. The boatmen had never before been so far down as this and very rarely has anybody been known to risk the passage. One of the reasons is that a boat attempting to pass through the Infiernillo has to remain on the other side as the intensity of the current and the height of the fall do not permit of it returning. Such being the case the navigation along the Balsas river is divided into two sections. Hardly a year had passed since the calamity occurred at this same place which caused the death of a North American couple who, without either boatman or guide, attempted to pass the Salto with no other elements than a deficient boat and their own courage. Possibly no one else has ventured the feat until we came upon the scene. The relating of this accident, on the one hand, and on the other the warnings of the Balsas people, decided our chief to give orders not to proceed any further but to take the boat towards the bank. From this moment it was resolved to pass through the Canon on foot and that only the Indians were to go through in the boats to wait for us on the other side. In spite of the Colonel's orders we still continued on for some kilometres while we had lunch. The sun was materially toasting us, the awning being of no avail whatever. The heat was suffocating and we were beginning to gain an idea of what we were in for during the little walk we were on the point of setting out upon. As we were as usual navigating by the impulse of the current, it had not been possible to calculate the

hour at which we should arrive at the difficult place in question and unfortunately it coincided with mid-day.

At twelve o'clock precisely the guide Efren notified us that we could not go on any farther without the boat being engulfed in the current, so in consequence we proceeded to land there and then. Notwithstanding the order given, the American engineer, Lee Stark, declared that he preferred not to move from the boat and would follow the fortunes of the Indians. I, in turn, participated in the same idea, as I must confess that I was more in fear of the long walk under such bad conditions than of the "Canon del Salto" with all its legends and dangers, but the memory of those I had left in Spain, awaiting my return, made me consider certain precautions and I at last arranged with Lee Stark that I would go on foot as far as the place where the Salto could be seen and that if I saw no great risk in it I would join him to venture it together by boat. Guided by Efren and taking two boatmen with us, we, the pedestrians, began the journey. A kilometre and half along a good road is nothing, especially if one has the advantage of shade, but over rocky ground, now climbing, now descending, and under a tropical sun at mid-day, it was quite a different thing and from the outset we had an inkling as to what was in store for us. The fall is situated half way down the Canon or where the river becomes its narrowest along the gorge which undoubtedly must have been cut by the current in pre-historic ages. The sides are formed of enormous rocks over which we had to climb for want of any pathway, and to avoid this uneven rough ground our guide led us some way up the incline, but we were worse off than before and soon had to return to the rocks and risk being literally cooked among them. The heat was so intense that we could not even attempt to grasp the stone. Out of curiosity I placed a match on a rock and it immediately lighted. This alone will give the reader an idea of our sufferings.

I now desired to turn back and join Lee Stark but it was too late for we had now been walking for more than two hours and in hopes of soon reaching better ground I decided to continue forward and think no more of the boat.



THE ROCKS OF EL INFIERNI'LLO WERE SO HOT AS TO LIGHT INSTANTLY A MATCH TOUCHED TO THEIR SURFACES, AND AMONG THESE I WAS LAID TO RECOVER FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN

We took half an hour to reach the classical spot so much talked about. Fatigue began to overcome us all and seeing a little bush growing up from among the rocks, Ibarra and I took advantage of what slight shade it gave to rest a little.

The rest of the caravan and with them Mr. Lukes, had separated from us. The stronger members of the party had climbed up the mountain ahead of us in search of shade. Behind Ibarra and me came Colonel Davidson, McBain, Field and the Indian, Jose, who never abandoned them. The water-fall so much boasted about did not in reality exist, as the strong flow of the river covered it up almost completely and its effects became reduced to those of a rapid; very imposing, it is true, but not much greater than others which in our descent of the river we had already encountered. During the dry season, or in Lent, as the Indians call it, the scarcity of water leaves uncovered some rocks in the middle of the river beyond which a violent depression of the bed causes the famous fall to exist, but at the time we are speaking of, the cataract did not exist to any extent worth mentioning. While we were considering the possibility of passing it and repenting of having abandoned the boats, we heard tremendous shouting, as if a legion of demons had been set free, which noise became louder and louder at every moment. It was from the Indians in the first launch, who, with the awning raised and they completely naked, were coming along shouting and hanging on to the rails of the boat with the intrepid Lee Stark who was also naked and hanging on to the prow.

The "Centenario" came down at a terrible speed. Like an exhalation it passed by us. The savage cries of the Indians increased the solemnity of the moment and almost in horror we watched them enter the place of danger where for an instant the launch and its occupants became covered with the foam thrown up by a big wave which she had collided with, but a second after she re-appeared and was saluted by us with enthusiastic "hurrahs." Two minutes later the other boat descended, and its occupants having taken identical precautions, it negotiated the danger with the same good luck. Given the speed they were going at and considering the difficulty they would have in slowing down, our desperation became all the greater on coming to the conclusion that even after walking two kilometres we could not overcome them. All kinds of imprecations were showered upon the poor guide Efren who had alarmed us so much, and we all envied Lee Stark who, with nothing more than a slight wetting and with no fatigue had been more astute and was at this moment on the other side.

On trying to get up and continue the journey I felt very sick and experienced a strong humming in the ears. My heart was beating violently; my head felt as if it were hammered; I could hardly breathe and I was perspiring copiously. Ibarra and McBain noticed my condition and did their best to help me, but they were without the necessary elements, and I began to feel the agony of death and fully understood the seriousness of what was happening to me. As I write, the memory of those moments bring on a feeling as if I were going over it all again. I was afterwards told that I lost all consciousness and fell like a log into a kind of cave formed of two enormous rocks under which shade they laid me. I was completely sun-stricken. McBain had gone forward but Ibarra and one of the Indians remained to take care of me. The rest, the sensation of the cool shade, the bathing of my forehead with wet handkerchiefs, and above all, the current of air established through the cave, gradually had the effect of returning me to life and within half an hour I felt greatly recovered. It was imperative to resume the march and to God alone I confided myself to arrive at the end.

Leaning on the Indian and followed by Ibarra I went along with some difficulty, but had not gone very far when I noticed that Ibarra had lagged behind and was not following us. I suspected he had sun-stroke like me and sent the Indian back to help him. It was impossible for me to do so and I was so weak that even if I could have

retrograded I would have been of no help whatever. I was not mistaken, my friend had been stricken down notwithstanding his ability to withstand the rigors of that climate. He soon came round though and helped by the Indian continued the journey. In the meantime I had remained alone amidst that labyrinth of rocks and again began to fear for my life. The handkerchiefs on my head being completely dry I endeavored to go down towards the river to wet them again. Not very far away Efren passed me running from one side to another crying and in search of those who had deviated and were keeping behind.

"What will the President say of me if these foreigners die ?" cried the poor fellow punching himself on the head. Even in the midst of my weakness I was able to give credit to the loyalty this Indian was showing for the Chief of the State whose reproaches he feared in such critical circumstances.

"Go on, boy," I managed to call out, "go in search of the Colonel who may have had an attack and with Jose carry him to the boat. After that think of me and come back."

The Indian passed on and I again found myself alone. At last I had what appeared to me to be a happy idea and to avoid climbing up and going down rock after rock, I attempted to border the river although with water up to my waist. If the river bed had been always of the same level, of course, this idea would have been a good one and would have helped me considerably on the way, but as I was unconscious of paddling over rocks and the dirty water prevented me from seeing the bottom, it was not long before I lost my footing and fell and was immediately carried away by the current. The instinct of preservation and the effect of the cold water very soon brought me back to the full enjoyment of my faculties. Without time to consider the danger I was in, and endeavoring not to lose my straw hat, I began to swim and swam on trying to battle with the current and gain the bank. I must have advanced some hundred or hundred and fifty metres in this manner and if I had not been in fear of the current at last overcoming my strength I felt I could have gone on right up to the boat. Catching hold of the dry branches of a bush I managed to get out of the water and fell lengthwise on the bank. The sun was so hot that within a few minutes my clothes were perfectly dry.

"My God, Don Salvador," cried the affrighted Flora, who from a distance had caught sight of me struggling with the current and miraculously getting to land. "Courage, Don Salvador, I'm coming." She continued to shout, and skipping like a goat from rock to rock she was not long in coming to my side. If this intrepid girl could now take up her pen and write the paragraph in reference to this incident, the reader would obtain a good idea of what my feelings were at that moment—I saw death so near that I imagined myself to be a missionary and exhorted Flora to examine her conscience and prepare for the future life.

"Come along, come along," said the girl, "bear up, the gringos (foreigners) are coming along and we must not let it be said that we Spaniards are those to lag behind."

"Leave me, Flora," I exclaimed, groaning and sighing, "you go on in search of men to carry me—I cannot move an inch more—save yourself as best you can, I must remain where I am."

"I am not going to leave you, Don Salvador, I'm not going to leave you," she replied. "I will go to the boat and shall come back with people to pick you up."

What strength does youth give ! Fleet as the wind, I watched her climb the rocks and disappear from view still crying—"Courage, courage! Viva Espana !". . . In about half an hour I began to hear voices approaching. They were Flora with two boatmen who brought tea and brandy in a small pitcher which I drank at one draught.

"Come on, my chief,"—said one.

"Only a little way more," added the other.

"We are going to arrive immediately," continued the former.

And whether the hopes of soon

THE VEGETATION OF "LUKE'S CAMP" WAS VERY LUXURIANT, MANY CACTI AND FLOWERING PLANTS STANDING FIVE OR SIX TIMES AS HIGH AS A MAN

arriving at our destination gave me courage, or that the brandy began to produce its effects, the truth is that I made an effort and without allowing anybody to carry me I managed to stumble along, and a little farther on, we came upon one of the boats and our friends, who were beginning to feel anxious for me and, the Colonel, who, borne on the shoulders of two Indians, was following and even after having also suffered an attack of sun-stroke, was waving his handkerchief and appeared to be as animated as ever. Field and McBain came along with the Colonel; Ibarra with Lukes and Bond were already in the boat and Emile had prepared food and drink with which to provide us some comfort. It was now six o'clock and we found that we had employed six hours of mortal anguish to cover a distance of a little over two kilometres. We had passed "El Infiernillo" at last—that so-called "little hell" which not one in a hundred thousand Mexicans would have gone through, but we all vowed never to see it again, unless from an aeroplane. It goes without saying that Efren was profuse in his thanks to the Almighty for having saved us from a certain death and he even confessed that he fully expected to be shot as an outcome of it all if anything had happened to us.

"Shoot you,—no," I remarked, "but fifty strokes with the rod you deserved for being the principal cause of all that happened."

He then recounted the legend connected with this spot to the effect that an Indian who inhabited "El Infiernillo" died and went to the Kingdom of Satan, but on reaching said place he asked for his cloak as the cold was intense compared with the temperature he had lived in all his life.

We now continued our journey by boat for about a kilometre and at a curve out of the gorge we decided to camp for the night. It was now dark and thanks to the fires lit by the Indians were we able to see to the erection of the tents, etc. By the light of these fires were we also able to explore the spot we had chosen and found it to be a wild corner strewed with a quantity of trunks and boughs carried down by the river at high tide. They accumulated here due to the curve formed by the river and to the great number of rocks which made a kind of breakwater. We found, however, a suitable although limited space of ground for our tents.

The noise of the water rushing out of

the gorge was deafening. The spectacle was fantastic. The black silhouettes of the almost nude Indians stood out against the brilliant light of the fires, giving one the impression of being in the presence of infernal beings who had come from the bowels of the earth. The strange shadows projected by the thick tree-trunks piled one upon the other, and the illuminated rocks which in enormous blocks looked like giants, the whole having for a background the intense darkness of the ravine, carried us back to the memory of the infernal regions so well described by the imagination and inimitable pen of Dante. So that nothing might be wanting to complete this illusion, a boat moored between two rocks, just at the entrance to the dark gorge appeared to be waiting for Caronte (Charon) to take us on board. Now quite worn out with fatigue, I placed my cloak upon the fine sand and lay down upon it without the least inclination to go so far as the "Centenario" where dinner was being served. I called out for a cup of broth and something to drink and the Colonel was kind enough to send me a bottle of good burgundy. For want of strength I decided to remain where I was and slept on to the first hours of the morning when feeling the effects of the night-dew I dragged myself to my tent and once inside without undressing I finished the night stretched upon the sand.

*To be continued*

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# THE PROSAIC PACKER

BY C. D. ARMSTRONG

EV'RY stone I hit's a roller,
An' this pack hangs just like lead.
Mebbe though, the Boss'll stop us—
Just a little ways ahead.
Durn the flies; they're gettin' thicker.
Wisht I had some balsam salve.
Likewise wisht I had some licker,
Like Ole Adam used ter have.
Wisht when I get tired hikin',
They was somethin' I could ride.
But the only thing I'll straddle 'll
Be the top o' this Divide.
Durn this pack; I'm goin' ter tump it.
Wow! it's like to break my neck.
If I stick with this here outfit,
Won't be nothin' but er speck
Left o' me, time we hits Babine:
But—whoopee—we're goin' ter flop!
Now fer grub an' pipes an' blankets;
Laws, it's good ter hit the top.
What's in this pack?—canned tomatoes?
Felt like double-headed picks!
Now fer comfort. What yer sayin'?
Lovely view?—aw, fiddlesticks!

# Just Smith

## A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house.

### CHAPTER III.

THE alarm was now general. The voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly, "Halt! Halt there, or I fire!" and in the square all was tumult. The bugler doubled to the parade ground and sounded the "Assembly". Lights appeared in every window, and the men, roused from their slumber by the unusual call, seized belts and carbines and rushed, half-dressed, upon the square, where they fell in like so many pieces of a well-regulated machine, each man in his place, armed and ready for emergency. In less time than it takes to record the fact, two hundred men were drawn up in battle array, told off by sections and subdivisions. Officers and non-coms. alike had taken post, and all was ready for the word to march.

The Commissioner was one of the first on the scene. After the regimental sergeant major had reported, he gave the order:

"Parade — shoulder arms — with three rounds of ball cartridge—load!"

Along the line in the darkness was heard the clanking of the levers as the cartridges were pumped into the magazines and the ranks stood once more, silent and waiting. There was no audible word, except as the commands of the officers broke the stillness of the night.

In the meantime, Sergeant Murphy and four of the guard had doubled over to the stables. Following them, a dozen men were told off to take charge of the horses. And presently the sergeant returned with his men, the sentry from number seven lying in an

improvised stretcher. They had found him lying insensible on his beat, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and he was taken to the hospital forthwith. Sentry number six accompanied the party, and reported briefly.

"As I reached the end of my beat, I heard Devine, the man on number seven, cry 'Halt!' and a moment after he discharged his rifle, firing three shots in rapid succession. A shout followed, and three men came running toward me. I shouted for the guard and called to the men to halt, but they paid no attention, so I fired. I could not see their faces, but they came quite close, and one of them caught hold of the barrel of my carbine. I hit him between the eyes, and he let go."

"Did he speak?" demanded the Commissioner.

"Yes. He said, 'Curse you, stop your noise, or I'll knock your brains out'."

"What did you do then?"

"I fired again and shot him in the shoulder. He gave a yell and ran off toward the hay corral, followed by the other one. I ran after them as fast as I could, but it was too dark, and I missed them."

"Should you know again the man you shot?"

"I would know his voice if I heard it, but I couldn't see his face."

"Did you ever hear the man's voice before?"

"I'm not sure. I'd rather not say at present, sir."

"Were they our own men?"

"The man I shot might be. I don't think the others were. But it was very dark."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in Sergeant Murphy. "I took 'check rounds' at 11.15 and found all present."

"And I called the parade roll," added the troop orderly, "when the men fell in, and there were none absent except the men on pass."

The Commissioner frowned and sucked in his lip thoughtfully. Then he turned to Inspector Jackson.

"Mr. Jackson," he said briefly, "order out two patrols immediately. A dismounted party to search the barracks and its vicinity, and a dozen men, mounted, to scour the prairie and town. This is a very serious and mysterious affair, and must be seen to. Meantime the parade may be dismissed. But let each man remain under arms."

Jackson acknowledged the Commissioner's directions as shortly as might be—he had guessed the Commissioner's comment on Edith's action early in the evening from his superior's expression—and turned to the men.

"Parade—attention—shoulder arms—right turn—dismiss!" he barked, and the men returned to their quarters to discuss with considerable interest the night's episode.

"'Tis some divilmint of that black-whiskered rebel Riel's," opined Barney O'Shea, shrewdly. "It's meself that won't be sure av him until I see the candles burnin' around his coffin—an' even thin, I'll not be layin' my month's pay on him bein' dead entirely. It must ha' been some of his dhirty breeds stravagin' around the barracks."

"Poor Devine doesn't know what struck him," said McDonald. "An' it was that dark that number six couldn't swear to his grandmother. Unless the patrol picks up somebody, I guess come morning, we'll be as wise as we were before."

"Yuss," said Alf Stanley. "But Hi ain't goin' ter lose any sleep, blimy 'f Hi am. Hi've got ter turn hout for two o'clock guard, relievin' Frank Smith, but Hi'll 'ave forty winks fust." He flung himself down in his blankets. "Funny lark Hi didn't see 'm in all this buster."

In the meantime, Jackson was talking to Caron, his handsome French-Canadian servant, whom he had called to him as the ranks broke.

"Report at the guard-room," said the inspector. "I want you." Then, as the French-Canadian turned, "Were you on pass to-night, Caron?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. That's all." And with that Jackson joined the Commissioner in a visit to the guard-house, where an inspection of the prison cells was made to see that all was right. Sergeant Murphy, carrying a lantern followed them.

Everything seemed well there, and it was not until they had reached the gate leading into the outer guard room that the party paused. The sentry standing opposite cell number one, in which Riel was confined, stood at attention to let them pass. Since his condemnation, Riel had been watched closely, night and day. The party passed, and then suddenly the Commissioner turned on his heel.

"Stay," he said. "Open the door of Riel's cell. I want to have a look at him."

The prisoner was sitting on his cot, apparently reading, but as the officer commanding entered, he rose. As he did so, the shackles, which since his condemnation had never been removed from his legs, fell to the ground with a rattle. The party gasped.

"How is this?" demanded the Commissioner, recovering himself first. "Who has dared to remove this prisoner's fetters?"

Everyone looked the surprise he felt. It was certain that the irons had been opened with a key by someone who had entrance to the cell. But the sentry and all the guard protested that when and how the key had been obtained they had not the least idea.

"I examined the lock at watch settin' meself, sor," asseverated Sergeant Murphy, "an' it was as safe as if St. Peter himsilf had shut it. The key's here on me ring, sor—" and he held it up—"as ut's been these six hours. 'Tis the devil himself, beggin' yer pardon, sor, that's been payin' a call on his frind here, for no human cratur' has been through yon door since the provost sergeant handed over the prisoner!"

Riel looked on and smiled.

"It puzzles you, my friends," he said gravely, "but do not mistake. The Angel will set me free in His good time."

"Humph!" commented the Commissioner. "The 'Angel,' whoever he is, had better take care, or he will hang with you."

But Riel shook his head, and in his confident serenity the party saw how he must have swayed his adherents in the height of his power.

"You cannot kill me," he rejoined, calmly. "I possess supernatural friends whose assistance you cannot take from me."

The Commissioner made no reply, except to caution the sentry to keep an unrelaxing watch on the cell, and the party returned to the guard room. Once the Commissioner paused.

"This is a very mysterious affair, Jackson," he said. "I don't understand it."

"Nor I, sir. It seems impossible that any outsiders would dare to approach the post at this time."

"Equally impossible that any of our men should be mixed up in such an affair."

"Were all the sentries accounted for, sir?"

"They all answered the call correctly at midnight."

"Curious," murmured Jackson, as if thinking aloud. "I saw nothing of the man Smith."

But they were at the door of the guard-room, and without further conversation stepped inside, where Caron waited for his master. The Commissioner glanced at him keenly.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"My servant, Caron, sir," replied Jackson.

"Ah, so it is. I did not know him in uniform. When was he returned to duty?"

"I am not at duty, sir," said Caron, respectfully, acknowledging a glance from his master.

"Oh! He has been on pass?"

"I think not, sir," said Jackson. "Have you, Caron?"

The man glanced at Jackson for a cue, but finding the Commissioner's eye on him answered directly,

"No, sir."

"Then why is he in uniform?"

The French Canadian's eyes emitted a gleam, and he hesitated for a second too long.

"Er—I was roused from sleep and jumped into the first clothes I could find, sir."

"Indeed! That will do. Goodnight, Mr. Jackson. Sergeant Murphy, come with me."

Once outside the guard-room door

and away from the sentry, the Commissioner halted.

"Sergeant," he said crisply, "you have had a narrow escape to-night from losing your principal prisoner. There is treason in the barracks; of that I am convinced. Do you suspect anyone?"

"Suspect our bhoys? No, sor," replied the sergeant indignantly. "A bit av foolishness, now and again, sor; but naught like this."

"An hour since I'd have said so myself," answered the Commissioner. "But there are four men out on pass. Watch them narrowly when they return to barracks. Double your sentries, and if anything unusual happens, send for me."

"Very well, sor."

"And—" the Commissioner hesitated. "Can you tell me where Constable Smith was to-night?"

"He was on number four, sor."

"Did you see him at the time of the alarm?"

"No, sor. But—"

"That will do. And—listen, I'll give you a clue. Watch closely the movements of the man, Caron."

"Well, I'll be damned!" growled the sergeant as he returned to the guard-room. "The French hound!"

. . . . . .

Inspector Jackson sat in his quarters, and Caron stood before him.

"Close the door."

The man obeyed, a mixture of sullenness and fear mingled on his handsome dark face.

"Where were you last night at twelve o'clock exactly?"

"In bed."

"You were not!"

There was a pause. Both men looked at each other. Caron's eyes fell.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I was in bed, and the sergeant of the guard can prove it, for he took 'check rounds' and reported me present."

"You are a good hand at making up a dummy, Caron. The sergeant was mistaken."

A gleam of rage broke through Caron's mask. "Sacre Bapteme! I swear—" he began angrily, but the inspector checked him.

"That will do! I had occasion for your service and went myself to your room at ten minutes to twelve to call you. Where were you, I say?"

"Well— If I must tell you, I just went over to the canteen for a drink."

The inspector stuck out his jaw and leaned over.

"That's a lie," he said, deliberately.

Caron flushed darkly. "By heavens, captain," he began.

"Hold your tongue! Why did you put on regimentals? Never mind answering. I know you can lie with a good face, but I want the truth. The truth, understand. You put on uniform, so that you might pass for one of the guard. You learned the countersign from the orderly report on that table, and you broke barracks to meet a man who has dared to return to Canada, notwithstanding that a price has been put upon his head. You have allowed yourself to become involved in a plot which, if discovered, would bring you to the gallows. Now, unless you make a clean breast of the whole matter, telling me the names of your accomplices, and the plot in which they are engaged, you will be arrested at once. And there is evidence enough to hang you."

Fear and hate and rage; shame, too, in his detection; hate again as he looked on the unrelenting face of his superior; and at last one ugly look in which all evil passions seemed strangely blended.

"Eh, bien!" he growled. "You will have it, then? Me, I think you are made of iron—steel—something damn' hard. What do I get if I tell, eh?"

"I haven't concerned myself with that. But you know, and I know, what you will get if you don't. I'd advise you to tell."

And Caron told. It is unnecessary to outline the plot, save to say that no other policemen were engaged in it, the plan comprising only desperadoes from the other side of the boundary who were implicated in it from purely mercenary motives. Had it not been for an accident, the prisoner might have got away safely. The keys had been

WHO IS SHE

"ARE OUR SCARLET TUNICS AS DEADLY AS THAT?" SHE INQUIRED ARCHLY. HEART IN ONE SHORT WEEK—OUR RESCUER?"

duplicated, and a conveyance was ready to take the fugitives across the boundary line, a distance of only a little over a hundred miles. But names, dates and places, and a complete confession of Caron's part in the conspiracy were in the inspector's hands before the interview was concluded.

"And now?" inquired Caron. "Dat ees all. What becomes of me?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "Can't say," he rejoined. "But I will warn you before anything happens. That is all I can tell you now."

With that, Caron had to be content.

Alone at his baize-covered table, the inspector sat still, thinking. The sun shone in on his iron-grey hair and the orderly papers on the blotter; and, bare as was the room, Inspector Jackson looked even bleaker and more forbidding, with the narrowing wrinkles around his yellow eyes, and the cruel set of his thin lips. A prairie bird rose from the parade ground outside his window, broke into a crystalline shower of rising and falling notes, and settled again to the short prairie grass. Somebody went by on horseback, the lilting rhythm of the loping hoofs ringing gaily on the hard trail. But the inspector paid no heed to the sun or the pleasant sounds of the morning. The face of Edith Wheelock was before him, and he stared with deepening intensity at that vision. The proud poise of the head, the delicate little chin and fine-turned lips, the glow of her dark eyes—deliberately he called them all into being, and lingered over them. How handsome she had looked last night, even as she turned on him, he thought, and drew in his breath with a sharp sound. She was worth winning; worth having; a splendid and spirited girl.

And she was interested in Frank Smith. The inspector showed an ugly canine tooth in a sidewise smile. He remembered this Smith two years ago in England. Strange that chance should bring these three people together again. In England, Smith had had the upper hand. Here . . . . The inspector drew out a cigarette and lighted it meditatively. Nobody had seen Smith after the alarm was given last night. Where, then, was he? Nobody knew that Caron had been out of his room until the alarm was given. How, then, should anybody know?

The inspector knocked the ash off his cigarette carefully. From the expression of his face, one might have thought that he was giving the rack a final turn on Frank Smith.

But over at the hospital, there was trouble brewing. At eight-thirty the bugle had sounded "sick call" and the "sick, lame and lazy" fell in. After the alarm of last night, more than one of the chronic "bilks" realized that duty would be hard, and considered it advisable to get off for a day or so, if they could work it. Hospital Sergeant Donovan glanced out of the window, and grunted, as he saw the line, but instead of going to the outer office to meet them, he returned to the cot where Larry Devine was holding forth to the doctor between mouthfuls of a substantial breakfast. Devine had had his wounds dressed, and was sitting up with his natural cheerfulness broad upon his bandaged countenance.

"And so, sor," he was saying, "it was about eleven o'clock, as I was standin' at ease on me bate that I heard someone comin' to'ards me from the stables. I challenged him, av course, an' he give the countersign all right, an' passed on, sayin' he'd been sint by the sergeant over to the canteen for a can o' beer. As I knew Pat likes his dhrap, I thought it was wan av the Day Guard, him bein' in full regimentals; an' so, thinks I, I'll have a dhrink out av the can too, whin he comes back."

"I'll warrant," said the doctor, with a grin. "Devine, that thirst of yours will be the end of you yet."

"'Twill be better thin undher your knife, doctor," countered Larry. "Well, he was so long gone, an' I was gettin' so dhry thinkin' about it, that I thought I'd meet him half way. So I crep' to the corner beyant the ridin' school, an' there I sees the three av thim, an' a buckboord. Two av thim were in civies, an', bedad, I thought it was desartin' they were. At any rate, they were breakin' barracks, an' we had just got ordhers to arrest annywan prowlin' around. Thin came the twelve o'clock

call, but I couldn't answer for fear av disturbin' the min, so I just watched a bit. Thin it came again, an' I jumped out an' challenged thim. Bedad, ye shud have seen thim run! I blazed away wid the three cartridges in me magazine, but for all that I did not hit thim, for, av coorse, I only thought to stop thim runnin'. But the two in civies got off behind the stables, and the villain in uniform that I got by the coat cracked me a dunt on the head that made me think av the fair at Tipperary an' the drovers comin' out o' Pegeen's. He had some sort av a loaded stick, an' sure, I thought I was sint for."

"Would ye know him again?" asked Donovan.

"I don't think I'd know his dhirty face, for sure. It was mortal dark, an' he kep' it turned from me. But I'd know his coat."

"How?" asked the doctor.

For answer Larry drew forth a small piece of red cloth which had evidently been torn from the sleeve of a regimental tunic.

"There," he said. "Whin I find the coat that this fits, I won't be far from layin' me hands on the dhirty bla'guard that split me head open."

## CHAPTER IV.

For the seventh time, Edith laid down the bit of embroidery on which she was working and stared out of the window where the stunted poplars were turning the white sides of their leaves to the rising wind. Alice, busy with a dainty bureau-cover, looked up with a puzzled air.

"What is the matter with you this morning, Edith?" she inquired. "You're as restless as a witch in a gale of wind. Aren't you well?"

Hastily Edith brought her gaze back to her needle. "I'm quite well," she responded. "Those poplars need watering, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," answered Alice, bluntly. "And you're making those eyelets all wrong. Of course, Edith, I don't want to coax you to tell anything you don't want to; but, honey, won't you be more comf'y if you don't bottle it all up so tight? Can't I help somehow?" There was real trouble in her blue eyes, and the genuineness of her appeal was unmistakable. For an instant Edith hesitated. It was always easier for her to keep silent than to talk about her own affairs. Yet here she was on unfamiliar ground, and Alice, who had been with the Mounted Police almost from her babyhood, might know more than she.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I—don't know." Then, in a burst, "Alice, what chance is there for a trooper to work up in the force?"

"To be a non-com.—a sergeant, or something like that, you mean?"

"No,—better than that. I mean to work up to a position that pays well enough to—to—well, to maintain an establishment."

Alice looked at her friend sharply, and Edith was unmistakably blushing, a dark-red flush that ran up her slender throat, incarnadined her face and disappeared into her black hair. A smile tugged at the corners of Alice's mouth.

"Are our scarlet tunics as deadly as that?" she inquired archly. "Who is the lucky man who has won your heart in one short week—our rescuer?"

"Don't rag me, Alice!" Edith looked up in appeal. "I'm in serious trouble, I'm afraid, and I really want your advice."

"What do you mean?" Alice instantly was grave.

"I used to be engaged to Frank Smith, and as we never broke it off, I suppose I am still."

"Constable Smith! Then that's why you put such a crimp in Inspector Jackson last night about him. It served the wretch right, and I thought it was perfectly splendid of you. But —goodness gracious, you can't marry a trooper."

"Oh, he isn't just a trooper, Alice. He's a gentleman, and of good family. But he has had misfortunes—gentlemen aren't always the best pioneers in a new farming country like this—and has drifted into the force to keep himself alive. I knew him in England, when he wasn't just Smith."

"When did he tell you all this?"

"I had a few minutes' talk with

him." Edith was not going to tell of her midnight mission yet. "We cleared up the misunderstanding that parted us, and talked over several matters. He says that he is penniless and can't think of holding me to my engagement. He thinks he's a failure —at twenty-three. Now that's very like a man, but it's no end foolish. I told him to make good at something, and we'd see. What I want to know is what chance he has for making good in the force."

Alice shook her golden head. "Of course I don't know very much about it, but you can see for yourself that it would take him a long time to get a commission, and pay enough to take care of both of you. The pay is dreadfully low—all glory and no ha'pence, papa says. But think of the romance of it! Constable Smith and Miss Edith Wheelock! Saved her life in runaway accident; rewarded with her hand. Edith, aren't you dreadfully excited?"

"I'm worried. And yet I'm happier than I've been for a long time. I thought I'd lost him forever."

"Of course. But how did you ever know him, Edie?"

"I saw him when you and I and the Major drove to town yesterday. He was on guard there right by the turn of the road, and saluted when we went by. I wasn't quite sure, because I hadn't an idea that I'd meet him in the force. But when he came down the bank and stopped the horses, I—oh, I'd have known him anywhere. He hasn't changed a bit since I—since he—that is, in two years."

"H'm. Yesterday afternoon. When did you have that confidential talk you were telling me about?" Alice's eyes were dancing. "Tell me; I won't whisper a syllable."

Edith laughed. It was a rare action with her, and lighted up her rather sombre face unexpectedly.

"Were you very careful not to wake me up last night when you came to bed?"

"Edith!"

"Shocked, Alice? Well, when you came upstairs so carefully, I was out on the bank of the creek, telling Frank Smith I loved him. How's that for the haughty Miss Wheelock? And he was telling me to go back to the house, and that he had no further interest in me."

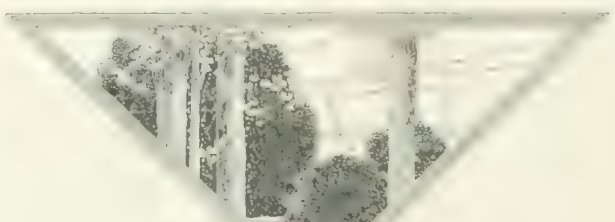
"Edith! I never did! But how did you find out he didn't mean it?"

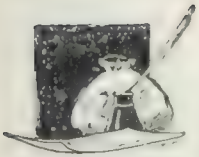
"How does any woman? I knew—that was all. And then came the alarm, and I ran home. Why, he didn't even want to kiss me! He walked up and down that beat like a—a wooden Indian, and kept saying he couldn't see me any more."

"Did he kiss you?"

"No. I kissed him. And now the problem is, how are we going to marry on nothing a year and find ourselves?"

*To be continued.*



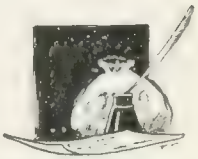


# How Many More?

## A LESSON IN CANADIAN ARITHMETIC

By Arthur I. Street

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



IF THERE were five hundred and ninety-eight pieces of pie at the counter and only nine persons to eat it, you would stand a pretty good show of getting a piece, wouldn't you?

That is the state of affairs here in Canada. In the western part of Canada. In that part of Canada that is being talked of so much nowadays, where the American farmers are coming in by the hundreds and thousands every season.

By the pie counter, we mean that counter which Western Canada sets up for the success-hungry—for the man who likes to grub his living out of the soil, or to shake it out of the commission business, or to pile it up in gold pieces on the bank shelves. And that counter is stacked so high that over nine million more hungry ones can "go to it," and each one lay his hands on a slab of 598 acres of land with all that's in the land. Wheat for the stomach. And milk for the babies. And coal for the furnace.

Five hundred and ninety-eight acres of land for every nine persons. Just put that in your think-pipe and blow the rings for a few minutes. That's something over four times the size of the average farm in the United States. It's twice as much as each one would get if the whole population of the United States were lifted up and poured out evenly, like water, over the landscape.

Let us take you aside for a minute and have a quiet talk with you about it. It's something that you ought to know, especially in these days when the cost of living is ripping the lining out of your pocket, and when you're wondering if there is any place on Heaven's footstool where you can once more pit your muscle against Nature and draw out potatoes, or your wits against the weather and keep the furnace going.

Of course, nobody's going to give you your share of the five hundred and ninety-eight acres, or to make it worth anything to you after you get it. True, the Government will give you some of it for the asking. For, of course, there are thousands of free homesteads awaiting settlement. But whether you buy it or homestead it, the point is that the land is there—the land pie, the agricultural pastry.

When the editor talked over this article with us, he told us that what he wanted was the plain arithmetic of it. Arithmetic is our specialty, when it comes to measuring population and prosperity. So we sat down with a pencil and a scratch pad and figured. The figures are the meat of this article. So don't skip them. Nobody ever

made figures just like them before. They are puncture-proof demonstrations of Canada's coming greatness. And they are what the editor wanted—straight arithmetic.

So we give it straight.

More than nine million more people—approximately nine and three-quarter millions—that's what Western Canada can hold before it evens up with the same sort of country, or country that isn't as good, in the United States.

*How Canada Can Feed Nine and Three-Quarter Million People at the Pie Counter*

Get that? Realize what it means?

Western Canada, as every schoolboy knows, has four big provinces, the least of which is as big as Nebraska and the biggest of which is a third again as big as Texas. In the last few years these provinces have been absorbing new population like a homeseeker at a twenty-minutes-for-dinner railway station, but they haven't begun to make an impression on their population appetites.

Take Manitoba, for instance. It's the oldest in development. It's the one that's as big as Nebraska. But it has less than half as many people. If it had as many, the difference between what it now is and what it might be would look like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Population of Manitoba if of comparatively same size as Nebraska | 1,142,846 |
| Present population of Manitoba..... | 454,691 |
| Difference in favor of Manitoba's future..... | 688,155 |

That's an increase of 688,000 right off the bat for Manitoba, isn't it? And you'll hardly dispute that any reasonably good country ought to be as full of people as Nebraska. You never heard Nebraska complaining of any undigested population, did you? She's only half as full now as the United States, taken as a whole, is. She uses fifty-six acres to support every man, woman and youngster inside her broad borders, while Massachusetts turns the trick with an acre and a half, and postage-stamp Rhode Island does it with an acre and a quarter.

Or, there's Saskatchewan, Manitoba's western neighbor. Now, that's a province that looks pretty sizable to the average Canadian when he takes a birdseye view of his wall-map. It's as big as Texas, which in turn is a good bit bigger than most of the Empires of Europe. Texas can hold six Ohios without choking, and Saskatchewan could lose half a dozen old-fashioned kings—palace, domain and all—in some of her forests. Yet Saskatchewan has less than two people for every square mile of her territory. She uses, in other words, an average of 320 acres for the support of every man, woman and child, while Texas swims along magnificently to the tune of almost fifteen to the mile, or about forty-three acres per person. And Texas is yelling for colonists at that. Isn't it reasonable, therefore, to imagine that Saskatchewan could close up a little tighter without hurting herself? Couldn't she possibly take on as many people to the square mile as Texas has, and still not suffer from overfeeding?

Suppose for a moment that she did. Conditions are about equal. There's no more untillable land in one case than in the other. And Saskatchewan has something "over" Texas in the matter of soil and a good deal more over her in the matter of water. Forty-three acres to the individual, instead of 320 as at present, would raise Saskatchewan's popu ation to a comparison like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Population of Saskatchewan if of comparatively same size as Texas. | 3,706,200 |
| Present population of Saskatchewan. | 453,508 |
| Difference in favor of Saskatchewan's future..... | 3,252,692 |

That's a difference to the good for

Saskatchewan of over three million and a quarter, isn't it?

Alberta figures out the same way. She's huge, too; huger than Texas, and about three thousand square miles bigger than Saskatchewan. Too, her comparativeness emptiness is as huge as her neighbor's, save for a difference of four-tenths of a person to the mile; and four-tenths of a person doesn't count much. If she were to expand inwardly to the degree that Texas has, she'd make another three million showing, like Saskatchewan's. And she can be expected to do it, for she's not only growing wheat already at a rate which is twice as much per capita as that of the most famous wheat regions of America, but she has coal. Coal—that magic thing that has made Pennsylvania and Illinois, and has begun to make West Virginia and Alabama. Coal—the great bridge builder between the highway and the airship. And she has it in plenty, more tons per capita than the United States has. So, if she were, as we have said, to expand inwardly to the fifteen people per mile limit that Texas has, the comparison of her present and her future would be about like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Population of Alberta if of comparatively same size as Texas | 3,752,392 |
| Present population of Alberta | 372,919 |
| Difference in favor of Alberta's future | 3,399,475 |

*British Columbia Has Colorado Licked in Advantages. But it Has Only One Person to the Mile*

Now, take British Columbia, and you're through. British Columbia isn't like Texas. It isn't like Nebraska. It's like Colorado, full of mountains and beautiful valleys—places that grow prize apples. But it has seaports opening toward the new world across the Pacific and down by the Panama Canal. Yet, as for population! It's an infant. Only one to the mile. That's 640 acres apiece. Colorado herself can't say too much about population, but at that she has over seven per mile. So, suppose British Columbia were only as full as Colorado. It'd be like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Population of British Columbia if of comparatively same size as Colorado | 2,753,500 |
| Present population of British Columbia | 362,768 |
| Difference in favor of British Columbia's future | 2,390,732 |

That's nearly 2,400,000, or more than twice as many as there now are in the State of Nebraska, more than there are in Iowa, and even more than there are in the buxom state of California.

Do we need to go back over the whole story now to show where we got the more than nine millions which we said Western Canada could hold without getting territorial indigestion?

Put the four figures together and add them up for yourself:

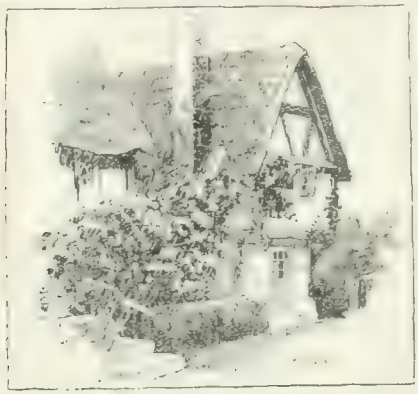
| | |
|---|---|
| Possible increase of inhabitants in Manitoba | 688,155 |
| Possible increase of inhabitants in Saskatchewan | 3,352,692 |
| Possible increase of inhabitants in Alberta | 3,399,473 |
| Possible increase of inhabitants in British Columbia | 2,390,732 |
| Total possible increase in Western Canada | 9,731,052 |

Makes almost nine and three-quarter millions, doesn't it? And nothing unreasonable about it. Nothing unreasonable to suppose that a section like Manitoba, which produces 88 bushels of wheat per capita, or like Saskatchewan, which produces 160 bushels per capita, can climb up on the same population plank with a Nebraska or a Texas, or that a British Columbia, which has four or five deep sea harbors, can match with Colorado?

Granted?

Well, here's the important part of it, the important part for you. It's the part that the editor wanted us to

spread out good and plain. For you, personally, may not care a rip of the saw whether nine millions or ninety millions of people can get inside the western gates. What you want to know is, what's doing after they get in? You want to know what you're going to spend your money and brains for. It's this:



*Why Nine and Three-Quarter Millions More People Mean a Million and a Half More Homes*

Nine and three-quarter millions more people mean a million and a half more dwellings, for one thing. A million and a half more places for people to live in—houses—things that require lumber and brick and mortar and nails, and plumbing, and workmen. Things, in other words, that make business, make occupation for men's money and capacities, make buyers for your wares, consumers of your wheat, users of your ingenuity.

We get this figure of one and a half millions as we did the others. We size up the places in the United States that look like the Provinces, but are older and fatter, and see how much they require for dwellings in proportion to the number of their people. Nebraska, for instance, has to have an average of one house for every five and a half persons, and Texas has to have one for every seven, and Colorado for every six. Evidently it takes just about that much roofing to keep the people of those sections of the United States in out of the wet and the cold and to give them bedrooms, dining rooms, and places in which to do business. So, it ought to take about the same for us in Western Canada. Maybe a little more. And, if it did take the same, here's the way things would mass up:

| | |
|---|---|
| New dwellings required in Manitoba for increased population..... | 117,867 |
| New dwellings required in Alberta and Saskatchewan..... | 928,503 |
| New dwellings required in British Columbia..... | 440,560 |
| Total required in Western Canada... | 1,486,930 |

Just what we said, isn't it? Practically one and a half million new dwellings. Doesn't that suggest an idea to your fertile brain and aching muscles as to what's to be done after you get there?

Of course, though, if you're not a builder or can't understand that building operations provide markets for your food supplies, your merchandise, your money, why, look at it from another angle. Just keep your eye singly on your own end of things. You're a farmer, say; or a fellow who deals in farms. Well, these whopping big Provinces, which make most of the eastern American States look like backyards, can hold three-quarters of a million more farms and have no more pains in their belts than their nearest likenesses in the States.

Three-quarters of a million more farms is an idea that you can take in readily enough, isn't it? It's sufficiently concrete and explicit. Three-quarters of a million more farms is about three and a half times as many as are supposed to have been parcelled out already to farmers from across the Border during the past five or ten years. Study it out. Think over all your friends that have gone in. Then, say to yourself that, besides all of those, three more, including yourself, can yet go in after each one of those, and the land reservoir not be as full, probably, as the reservoir you're now swimming in, if you happen to live in Eastern Canada or the Western States.

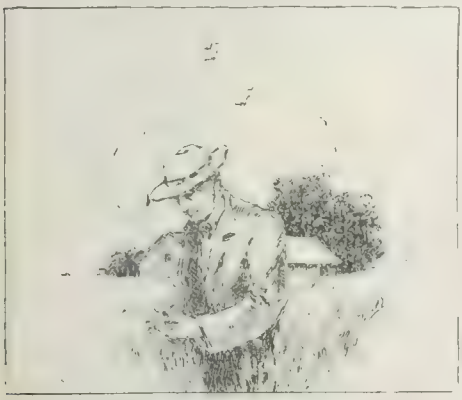
Here's the arithmetic:

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of new farms possible in Manitoba | [illegible] |
| Number of new farms possible in Alberta and Saskatchewan | 596,894 |
| Number of new farms possible in British Columbia | [illegible] |
| Total new farms possible in Western Canada | [illegible] |

Now, couldn't you, with the proper degree of hustle, with a reasonable amount of money in your jeans, be one of that 736,000 to get a new farm when there are 736,000 new farms to pass around? And doesn't that tell you clearly enough what nine and three-quarter millions of new inhabitants means to you individually?

Or, perhaps, being a bit particular and wanting to know details, you rise to remark:

"Farms are farms, and some people are satisfied to call a chicken coop a farm. Swiss people scratch a place the size of a parlor carpet on the mountain side and think they have a vineyard. Maybe that's all I'd get in Western Canada?"



[*And the Farms of Canada are the Richest and Best Agricultural Proposition in the World*]

Not that you seriously believe such an idea; but you're careful and want to be shown. So, we'll just confide that Western Canada not only can serve nine and three-quarter millions more people at the pie table and give them almost a million and half dwellings to distribute among them and three-quarters of a million farms, but she can give them two hundred and fifty-eight million more acres to put their houses and farms on.

The arithmetic looks like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Possible new farm acreage in Manitoba to equal that of Nebraska.. | 17,203,900 |
| Possible new farm acreage in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal that of Texas..... | 212,229,880 |
| Possible new farm acreage in British Columbia to equal that of Colorado..... | 28,689,216 |
| Total possible new acreage in Western Canada..... | 258,122,396 |

Now, change your arithmetic from addition to division, and divide that two hundred and fifty-eight millions by the number of new farms, and you'll see whether it's a chicken coop and a parlor carpet that you're offered. Put the arithmetic down on paper, so that you can fix your eyes on it and take it in. Put it down and ask the youngsters to do the sum for you, if you prefer. Youngsters, you know, are great thinkers in their way, and if you take them into your confidence, they'll be of use. They'll be your memories, for one thing.

Here's the division:

| New Farms. | New Acres. | Acres per Farm |
|---|---|---|
| 736,432 | 258,122,396.0 | 350.5 |
| | 220,929,6 | |
| | 37,192,79 | |
| | 36,821,60 | |
| | 3,711,96.0 | |
| | 3,682,16.0 | |

Does the answer look like the hen-house or the reception room? Three hundred and fifty and a half acres for every farm. Do you wonder that we asked you to put the numbers down so that you could see them?

That's what Western Canada offers: Three-quarters of a million farms, yet each of them over 350 acres big, before there are as many farms in proportion and as many people in proportion as there are in the comparatively unpeopled States of Nebraska, Texas and Colorado!

"But——," you say.

What! Another 'but'?

Of course, for what's the use of 350.5 acres if you have to use a bucket to keep it wet or a diamond drill to bore holes for the seed? How much of the 350.5 you want to know, can be used for something besides goats, can be improved, turned over, planted, fed from?

How much? Well, we said—and it could be proved easily enough if we were making an exhibit of products—that Manitoba is just as good as

Nebraska, that Alberta and Saskatchewan are just as good as Texas and that British Columbia is just as good as Colorado—to say nothing of their possibly being several hundred per cent. better. And in those places enough of the land has been found "good" to warrant shoving the plow into one acre out of every five. The same measure applied to Western Canada would look like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of acres to be improved on Manitoba farms to equal the percentage improved in Nebraska | 11,910,480 |
| Number to be improved in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the percentage in Texas | 33,160,825 |
| Number to be improved in British Columbia to equal the percentage in Colorado | 5,737,432 |
| Total acres to be improved in Western Canada | 50,808,737 |

Divide that fifty millions by the 736,000 farms—or have the youngsters do it for you—and you'll have about seventy acres as the amount of land out of each 350.5 that you'll want to keep in a state of cultivation, with fences up and the oats waving in the wind and the fat cattle browsing in the feed lot. Seventy acres out of three hundred and fifty. Isn't that about all one could attend to, leaving the rest for grazing or for wood, or for selling out by and by when the railroad comes a little nearer?

The average farm in the United States is 146 acres, and a trifle over 49 per cent. is cultivated. That's just about seventy acres—which shows, doesn't it, that seventy acres are quite as much as the average farmer will care to till?

Are you satisfied, Mr. Farmer Man? Is the point clear?

# ROAD'S END

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

HE SITS beside his hearth and is content—
He, the blithe vagabond—to see the dance
Of fire-goblins on his deep-toned walls.
He who was Youth, all irresponsible,
With free winds blowing through his tumbled hair,
Who paused but a swift moment at the door
And needs must journey on to see what lay
Around the bend in the road, is changed indeed.
No more he listens where the wide world calls,
Or listens but in dreams. He who went free,
Adventure's own gay self, sings now no more
Along the road, but housed beside the blaze
Reads soberly of what one time he knew.

How that jade Luck must laugh to see him here,
The Great Adventure still unventured,
Unplucked, the apples of Hesperides.

# In Dotheboys' Village

## By James Baker

*Author of "John Westacott," "Mark Tillotson," etc.*

**Illustrated with Photographs**

WE had just left sunny Spain and romantic Galicia, and had been asked to meet some relatives at Bowes in Yorkshire. We consulted our guide-books. Where was Bowes? and why Bowes?

After landing at Liverpool and running up across Westmoreland to Bowes, we found we were in the heart of the Yorkshire Moors. But when on a cold wet night we arrived at the long grey stone village, our hearts sank at sight of this shivering chilly ugliness, this formidably straight road with dark square blocks of streaming wet houses for homes. Why had Fate brought us here, from palms and mimosa trees and the sunny rivers of Galicia?

CHARLES DICKENS
*Who made Shaw's School infamous under the name of "Dotheboys' Hall"*

Just opposite the house where our friends welcomed us, was a long, low, dark stone house of one storey, with seven square windows in the first floor, and there had evidently been seven square windows in the ground floor as well, but two modern wooden bow windows had been inserted. A line of outbuildings joined this house in the road on the north side of the building. A dull repressive looking place it seemed in the wet twilight.

"What house is that?" we asked.

"That?" said our host. "Why, that is Dotheboys' Hall."

Dotheboys' Hall! Why you don't say we are in Dickens' village of Dotheboys?

All our chagrin vanished at being brought to such a place. Squeers, Smike, Nicholas Nickleby,—we were in their company. Yes, in the morning, wet or dry, we would trace up all links with the Master, Charles Dickens.

"Aye, and Scott," said our friends, "for Rokeby is not far off, and you are on the river Greta."

Now we understood the choice of Bowes for a halt on the uplands of the Yorkshire Moors, but with Dotheboys' Hall before us, Dickens was our chief magnet, although a copy of Rokeby was one of our early boyhood's treasures.

In the morning though the sky was still grey and lowering, and a misty rain was falling, we strolled down the long village street, and back to the last house on its western side, but we found as did Nicholas that now we were at Bowes we must not call this a Hall. Said Squeers, "We call it a Hall up in London because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts."

IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT FOR US TO GET ONE OF THE VILLAGERS TO SHOW US THE TOTTERING AND TIME-DEFACED TOMBSTONE COMMEMORATING SCHOOLMASTER SHAW, THE ORIGINAL OF "WACKFORD SQUEERS, OF DOTHEBOYS' HALL"

And the present residents rather object to own that they are living in a famous house, so a little tact is necessary to enable one to view even the exterior of the "Hall."

"This cold looking house," Dickens described it, "one storey high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind and a barn and stable adjoining," and that description is true to-day. The outbuildings that run down the road at the north end of the house are commodious, and enclose a square yard. Curiosity eagerly asked whether the pump was still there—that famous pump of which Squeers exclaimed to Nickleby on the first morning of his arrival,

"Here's a pretty go. The pump's froze. You can't wash yourself this morning." On their arrival you remember, poor Smike was heard unlocking the yard gate and appeared with a lantern in his hand; and, passing in through this "carriage" doorway, as probably Squeers would describe the big arch in the outbuilding, we were in a square courtyard, with a tree growing on one side of it, and in the middle, there was the pump, with an old wooden casing and a stone trough beneath it, worn by the many hands that had leaned upon it. A grindstone stood not far off. It was across this yard that Squeers, armed with his cane, led Nicholas to a door in the rear of the house and as he stepped into the "bare dirty room" explained jovially, that "this is our shop!"

The front part of the house now looks bright and cheerful, for the flowers in the garden are charming, and on the southern side of the house is a well kept tennis lawn, and in the careful occupation of the present residents there is not a trace of the sordid wretched bareness of the "Academy."

THE IDENTICAL PUMP OF WHICH SQUEERS OBSERVED TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, "HERE'S A PRETTY GO, YOU CAN'T WASH YOUR FACE THIS MORNING; THE PUMP'S FROZE," STILL STANDS IN THE FLAGGED YARD

But in Bowes surely there must be much of tradition, aye, and of memory of the days of Squeers, and in chats with the inhabitants and at the village inn, now called the "Unicorn," many a picturesque point of Dickens interest was elicited.

"Have you seen his grave?" was one question, "Whose grave?" we naturally asked. "Why, Squeers'; well, Shaw's. They say he was Squeers." So to the churchyard we went and soon in the north-eastern part of the churchyard found the tomb with the following inscription.

"In memory of William Shaw who died January 10, 1850, aged sixty-seven years, and of Bridget Shaw, wife of the above, who died November 4, 1840, aged fifty-six years, also William Shaw their son who died October 21, 1837, aged twenty-four years."

This was interesting, but a careful search in the churchyard discovered in the south-eastern portion a tomb which had a more pathetic interest. It read thus:

"Here lieth the remains of George Ashton Taylor, son of John Taylor of Trowbridge Wilts, who died suddenly at Mr. William Shaw's Academy of this place April 13, 1822. Aged 19 years.

"Young reader thou must die but after this the Judgement."

Surely it was Squeers who placed this frightening phrase upon the tomb of a young lad.

But how interesting are the facts and dates upon these monuments.

It was in 1837 that Dickens went North to study the Yorkshire schools with Hablot K. Browne, the artist. As a child he had heard of the cruelties in these schools, a law-suit in 1836 had called attention to them, and in winter, before Christmas was over, they travelled up, Dickens with a letter of

introduction referring to a little boy left fatherless, whose mother knew not what to do with him, and he was warned at the Inn not to send the little lad there.

In Foster's life, Dickens goes to Yorkshire before the Christmas of 1837 was over. In his letters edited by his daughter he goes in February of 1838 and the letter to his wife from Greta Bridge is full of delightful touches of his journey via Grantham. He refers to the mire in roads, and the wild heath, and the cheap fare—£6 for two inside from Grantham to Greta, and in his note book is this entry:

"February 2, 1858. Shaw, the schoolmaster we saw to-day, is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since from gross neglect. The case was tried and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and 1826. Look this up in the newspapers."

So wrote Dickens and Mr. Kitton did look the case up, for he continues. "The case here referred to was a charge of cruelty against Shaw by the parents of children who have been his pupils, the verdict of the special jury being against the defendant who was cast in heavy damages. Note, the boy from Wilts died suddenly in 1822."

After Shaw's death his neighbors placed a stained glass window in the village church to his memory. The church has been rebuilt and although I heard of the tombstone I found no window to Shaw. In any case, stained glass windows do not always light up unstained character, and may even be an advertisement of non-existant good qualities.

To prove the difficulty of getting exact dates, Foster gives as the date of the journey before Christmas of 1837 was over. Dickens' letters give February 1838, and Kitton gives January 1838 and quotes from note book of February 2, a passage on seeing Shaw, so they must have travelled up in January, 1838. Perhaps Foster meant that Christmas festivities were not yet over.

It was in 1838 that Nicholas Nickleby appeared, so that Dickens may have seen this tombstone of the boy who died suddenly.

What does Squeers say to Ralph Nickleby ?

"You paid me a small account at each of my half yearly visits to town for some years, I think, sir."

"I did," rejoined Ralph.

"For the parents of a boy named Docker who unfortunately——"

"Unfortunately died at Dotheboys' Hall," said Ralph.

There is a tradition of Dickens having stopped at the inn and the landlord of the "Unicorn," as he lighted my candle to show me my room, told me of this and led me through some rambling little rooms in the ground floor to a small one, with wainscotting around it, that he said was the room Dickens used.

In the tap room, it was an easy matter to get the talk back to the Dickens days, when there were a lot of schools in the place and several inns. Not long since a gentleman had stayed at the Unicorn who was at school at Mr. Shaw's for two years from 1839 to 1841, (just one year after Nicholas Nickleby was published), but his grandmother paid a surprise visit, and found the boys all very dirty and untidy, carrying the hay in their arms to the rick, and she promptly took him away. Now had the publication of Nicholas anything to do with this old lady's visit ?

Shaw took illegitimates, said a villager, for £20 down, and the poor lads often never were heard of again.

Very exaggerated ideas seem to have grown up as to the number of boys Shaw had in the school, one villager saying as many as three hundred were there. But that number is impossible, in spite of packing them four in a bed as Squeers did. Dickens makes five and twenty little boys laugh aloud when Nicholas and Fanny bump their heads together, and upon a subsequent visit of Squeers to London after the thrashing given him by Nicholas, he says to Ralph Nickleby, "There's youth to the amount of £800 a year at Dotheboys' Hall at this present time. I'd take £1600 if I could get 'em!" That

would make the number of boys at the school to be forty.

Another villager stated that he knew Smike, that he became an agricultural laborer. Dickens makes Smike say he could milk a cow or groom a horse, and Squeers suggests if he had not run away he might have had a present "for putting him out to a farmer or sending him to sea," showing how he got rid of "forgotten" lads, and so perhaps Smike might thus have been a further source of profit to "Schoolmaster."

But Dickens wanted poor Smike for other purposes. Did he in his rambles in and around Bowes, talk with some such poor lad as this Smike, some half starved, half witted youth, whom cruelty had numbed to dull stolidity, but from whom perchance Dickens with friendly questioning had elicited somewhat of the truth about these schools of Yorkshire.

In the creation of Dickens, Nemesis descends slowly but fiercely upon Squeers, and the cruelly selfish father of Smike, Ralph Nickleby; and when with a broken head and bemused brain "schoolmaster" tells Ralph of what has happened to the will that crushes all Ralph's scheming, he suddenly goes off into quotation of his own famous prospectus: but when he arrives at Trigonometry in the list of subjects taught, halts and ejaculates:

"This, is an altered state of Trigonomics, this is. A-double-l, all; everything, a cobbler's weapon. U-p, up; adjective, not down. S-q-u-double-e-r-s, Squeers; noun substantive, an educator of youth. Total. 'All up with Squeers!'"

And it was all up with Squeers, and Dotheboys' Hall.

As honest John Browdie called out to the triumphant boys, who had just forced Mrs. Squeers to take some of her own brimstone and treacle, "Tak' a good breath noo. Squeers be in jail. The school's broken oop. It's a' ower —past and gane. Think o' thot, and let it be a hearty 'un. Hurrah!"

There are little touches in Dickens' final word on Dotheboys' Hall, and the sudden dispersion of the lads that point to fact as their origin. The lads who were found crying under the hedges; the one who had wandered twenty miles from the school with a dead bird in a little cage and the lad whose sleep was watched over by a dog, who bit at those who came to remove him, and licked the sleeping child's pale face.

Dickens wrote for a purpose: to satirise shams, and sweep away evils, and this type of school was then to be found not only in Yorkshire but in many remote parts of England. I heard of one at St. David's in far west Wales, from an old pupil who had become wealthy. He told me they had so little to eat, they used to get over to Ramsay island, catch the rabbits there, cook and eat them.

There were other schools at Bowes in the days of Dickens, and we had a most interesting chat with a stalwart Yorkshireman, a veritable John Browdie who lived at Bowes Hall, a fine old house at the eastern end of the village. A gateway with stone pillars leads into the garden of this Hall, the upper floor of which is falling in. But the lower floors are now occupied by this stalwart farmer. Here was educated amongst others Richard Cobden, and one old villager asserted he knew a man who had often carried the leader of the Free trade movement on his shoulders, as he was a poor sickly lad. Cobden was the son of a Sussex farmer, and yet he, like the boys from Wilts and Somerset, was sent up to Yorkshire to school. Tradition says that Cobden's name is scratched on one of the windows but our stalwart friend, Mr. Benjamin Sayers, who was born in the house and is the present occupier, said the panes in the upper rooms that are falling in, are covered with names, and it was a job to find one particular name.

There is much more of interest in and around the village of Bowes. The Church, horribly "restored" still has a few points of interest, such as the two early fonts. The castle, and river, and mill, make pleasant halting places; and above all the glorious moorland leads one temptingly to its breezy uplands. But it is the spirit of Dickens

and the characters he created from his visit to the Yorkshire educational center early in the nineteenth century, that seem to pervade the whole place: and one seemed to linger near that "long, cold-looking house, one storey high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining" for was it not Dotheboys' Hall, and Dickens' description tallies exactly with the buildings of to-day.

# THE PROFLIGATE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

I WISH waste years would let me be,
For then I might be brave.
I wish myself could look an' see
Beyont the waitin' grave.
The surety o' bl ss for me
Two Irish mothers have.

I've had my fling as man an' boy,
An' taken little care;
My years were hounds in chase o' joy,
An', faith, they caught their share.
But now that Age has tracked me here,
With vain regrets to hound me,
I sit an' think how little cheer
I've brought to them around me.
An' there's Herself, the faithful wife,
Has lines upon her face,
Wherein the record of my life
In sorrow now I trace.

My mother, too (Lord rest her soul!),
I mind she use' to say:
"'Tis Heaven's gate that is my goal;
When there I knock wan day,
'Tis Peter's self will say: 'Who's here?
The wife of Shawn McGorry?
Och! step right in poor woman dear,
Ye've earned your crown o' glory!'"
Ah! well I know 'twas truth she spoke,
Though uttered half in jest;
An' well I know her heart was broke—
But now she is at rest.

I wish waste years would let me be,
For then I might be brave.
I wish myself could look an' see
Beyont the waitin' grave.
The surety o' bliss for me
Two Irish mothers have.

# The Vengeance of Jacknife

## A STORY OF THE PEACE RIVER TRAIL

## By Austin Addison Briggs

JACKNIFE of Poplar Hill stood six foot four. This fact made him a much-respected brave. He was not a chief of the Slavis by inheritance. He had won his spurs through physical feats. This fact made Jacknife a much-feared man. When the trackers wanted shoulders for a three-hundred pound bundle it was to this dusky giant they came. When the Hudson Bay factor at Blind River had freight for the Cascade, ninety miles south-east, Jacknife dog-trotted the distance in ten hours; then, to show there were no hard feelings, took in a war dance, following the latter up with a return trip in the morning. Needless to say his huskies perished on the road. One big brute, more wolf-hound than mastiff, dragged himself to the warehouse and fell at the factor's feet. He never got up again. When a hunting party headed for the far north they took Jacknife along as guide. He did all the tracking, all the cooking, and managed to shoot more grizzly and red-tail than any of the hunters.

Once Jacknife had tasted fire-water and the rest of the bucks had then learned the extent of his muscular powers and the awfulness of his ire when aroused. The affair happened at a buck-and-wing held at Caron's one August evening. Caron was a half-breed who set up meals for the Hudson Bay men at Ten Mile Point and who also did a little trading on the side. He knew the North and was something of an athlete. But he didn't know Jacknife. When the evening was well on Caron had mixed up his famous "Devil's Eye" and had proffered a mug of it to the big chief. At the sight of the red-man swallowing the mixture in one gulp Caron had chuckled to himself. The fun apparently was on.

In twenty minutes' time the music had stopped, candles were out, three or four bucks lay panting on the floor, and Jacknife was beating the trail back to his tepee. There was a nasty cut over his right ear. This had been delivered by the breed, in the dark, after he had seen what little furniture he possessed go to the ash-heap. The blow had not bothered Jacknife at the time. Whoever had struck him had been sent over a bench as if he were a handful of silt. Now that the redskin had crawled into his blankets he felt a tingling on the right side of his head and his finger told him it was blood. Instead of angering him this discovery softened the heart of the big chief and he felt ashamed. He would carry the scar as a protest against his own behaviour that night, and as a reminder

that if one Rudolph Caron crossed his path there would be mourning in the settlement.

The raid at Caron's convinced every other chieftain in the tribe that Jacknife was haunted with evil spirits. He was not an ordinary brave. Henceforth no single red-skin must approach him without previously noting that ammunition alone could hope to have a show with his giant frame. Consequently every man of them shuddered in the horror of anticipation when it leaked out that Caron was butting into the chief's love-affair. A pretty little squaw named Blackbird, who lived at Ten Mile Point, was the centre of attraction. She made no bones about her choice being the redman. Her sire, Atik Ka Mek, favored Caron. Jacknife was poor. He had only his hunting to live by. The breed knew this as well as anybody and threw out the challenge to the tall red-skin by occasionally bringing Blackbird's people a cut of sow-belly or some bannocks. Blackbird had opposed the acceptance every time, knowing well it spelled her father's slavery and her own doom. But forty years of living on the company's say-so, and waiting for the annual five dollars of treaty money, had made Atik Ka Mek oblivious to all fine feelings of independence. The religion of meat was all he believed in. Whence or how it came mattered little to him.

Jacknife heard of Caron's slyness and boiled with rage. First he thought he would shoot a moose and give it to Atik Ka Mek. Then he figured such an act was unbecoming a big chief—a red-man who knew no equal in tests of brawn. Half an hour's meditation gave Jacknife no solution to the problem. Despairing of solving it he picked up a hind quarter of bear and commenced to slice it, preparatory to the drying, when he caught the smile of Blackbird peering into the tepee. She had come to tell the brave that Caron and Atik Ka Mek were busy talking in the cabin, that she knew it had to do with bartering her, and that she loved not Caron but the chief who looked into her eyes. For the first time in his life the big Slavi felt Nature had been unkind to him in gifts of power to think. He could crush these men in the hollow of his hand, he could destroy their cabins and escape; he could, if necessary, hold a party of them at bay. But suddenly he thought to himself that Caron had the white-man's cunning and resourcefulness.

Blackbird wondered why her brave didn't come close to her after the confession of love, and looked up to see him, in Slavi fashion, crossing his brow with his left forefinger, all the while muttering to himself the Prayer for Light she had so often heard her mother invoke to the spirits of the dead in those famine days of her childhood. She felt she could now justly take a hand in the planning to evade the machinations of the half-breed. Gently stroking Jacknife's right arm, until his eyes again met hers, she pointed at herself then out the tepee at the free air. The redskin understood. His sullenness vanished. In five minutes he had his pretty squaw astride a cayuse, and his own cayuse, with tepee in front, ready for mounting.

Atik Ka Mek was not suspicious of Blackbird's absence until darkness. Then he began to fear for the worst. He had always counselled her to keep away from the traps, and she usually carried pistol or blade as protection against a hungry wolf. When darkness had completely set in the old Indian would not rest until he and his two bucks had made a search. He sent the younger south on the Tawetna trail; the other up on to the plateau; and took to the river path himself. The latter route led to Caron's and the breed immediately enquired the trouble. On being told he answered, quick as a flash, "Dat d——redskin! Some o' hees tricks."

Then taking down his rifle the breed advised sneaking up on the big chief's tepee. Atik Ka Mek was a little nervous about this last suggestion. So was Caron; but he kept up a fine front to the old brave as this he considered the only way he could win Blackbird.

Both breed and redskin then cautiously followed the short path to Poplar Hill. Coming to the crest behind

which the chief's tepee had rested they made a wide detour and took to crawling on their hands and knees. In the dark they went right by the spot where the last fire had been kindled, when Caron's knee struck something sharp. Stopping to see the nature of the obstruction he beheld a chunk of partly-charred wood. To the right were the ashes; and walking ten paces from this, the half-breed struck a light.

"Peg holes, Atik Ka Mek; Blackbird been keednawped." The old red-man examined the embers, put a finger in one of the pegholes, noticed the trodden grass due north, then paced up and down with fury. Caron had fire in his eye, too; for sure he had been frustrated. He made Atik Ka Mek promise he would, by sunrise, organize a search-party. Then the two beat the trail back. Next morning the whole settlement of Ten Mile Point knew of Jacknife's second outbreak. "Mo' Devil's Eye," said the Medicine Man of the Slavis when he heard the story.

The search-party went as far north as the Beaver Settlement at Pas d'Or. There they learned that no strange red-man and squaw, answering the description of Jacknife and Blackbird, had been seen. The party's own visit to the wigwams brought no familiar faces to them. Atik Ka Mek was constrained to give up the chase as hopeless. Caron himself admitted he had no clue. He disliked the idea of turning back without his personal animosities being gratified. But the fast-diminishing supply of fresh meat, coupled with the fact that but one cache had been made on the up journey caused him anxiety. He felt no desire to again go through those experiences of former days—short rations. The return trip was made in silence.

Two years passed away and the story of that night departure was remembered only by the family and Caron. One evening the half-breed was fixing his shelves a little later than usual when a red-man strolled in and enquired for "tobacee." The company's store was closed and he must have a smoke.

"Yo' belong this settlement ?" asked Caron.

"Beava, Beava," answered the redskin.

Caron reached for the tobacco, pointed to a bench, and commenced a long chain of questions in French and broken English. Under the pretense of friendly interest, backed up by plenty of tobacco without charge, the breed wrung from the Indian that a huge brave, tallying with the description of Jacknife, had hit the camp about two years previous, with a beautiful dark-eyed squaw. At his own request the red-man had forsworn the rites of the Slavis and become a Beaver. Then he and his squaw had adopted a disguise. This accounted for the Beaver interpreter telling the search-party, in all truth, that no Slavis were amongst them.

Caron soon had his brain working on a plot. Giving the impression he was going on a hunting trip the breed galloped away one night, leaving a trusted pal in charge of supplies. The trail was in bad shape from rains and travelling was heavy. To avoid a lengthy strip of muskeg he had to travel fifteen miles extra through light brush and peavine. Luckily the latter proved a salvation in the way of cayuse feed, for the volunteer timothy had all been cut by the roving breeds. It was four full days before Caron hove in sight of the settlement. Then he swung to the left till an off-road was struck. This he followed for two miles. It brought him to a cabin. From the boss Caron purchased a cayuse, knowing his own could never make the return journey at high speed. High speed would be necessary when his visit was through—if plans matured. That night the half-breed made a bed of underbrush and tried to snatch a little sleep. He was up at sunrise, but three hours had passed before the last of the bucks left camp for the hunt.

Caron felt so far he had been fortunate. If he had arrived after the hunt his delay would have been indefinite. Tying up both cayuses on short lines, in a dense piece of the forest, the breed started off in the direction of the tepees. To get the confidence of any squaws who might watch his movements with more than ordinary interest, Caron

had purposely brought a number of small parcels of tea and tobacco. He knew the Indian's weaknesses like a book.

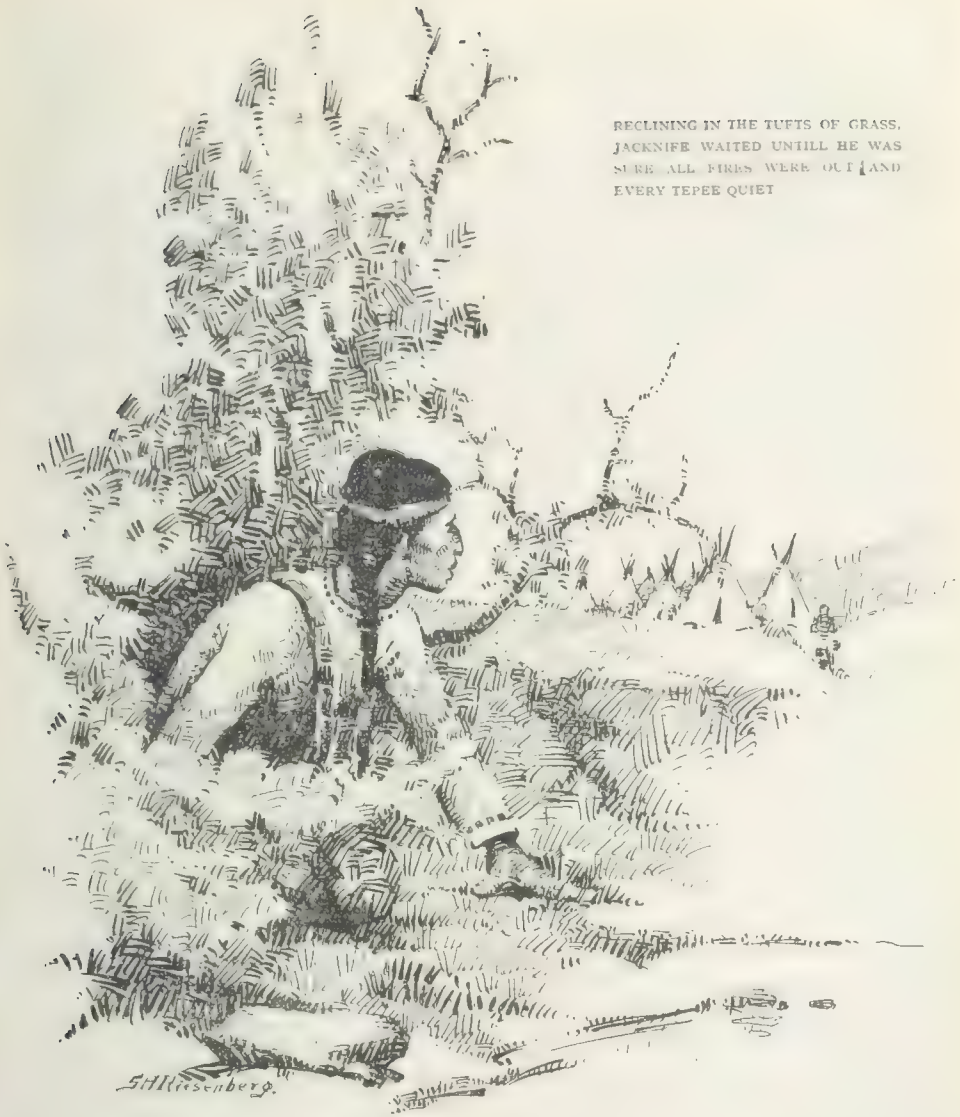
It was while handing tea to an old squaw that Caron, ever keen of eye, caught sight of a young squaw a short distance to the left. She was sitting beside a heavily-smoked tepee engaged on a pair of moccasins. The half-breed believed this was Blackbird. He gradually shaped his steps in her direction, and, being satisfied the nearest squaws were busy steeping the tea he had given them, stole up to—Blackbird. She had dropped her disguise and was readily recognized. Caron was in the act of posing as a medicine man when Blackbird, turning like a deer at bay, took one look at the packets then at the face smeared with pigment. Her next act was an impulse. So was the breed's. As the squaw reached for the knife at her belt, Caron's left hand swooped to his six-shooter.

Then he spoke:—"Yo' wouldna' stab me, Blackbird? I'm not agoing to shoot yo'! I want to take yo' back, that's all." Blackbird's only reply was to dart for the tepee, glide through the opening and fasten tight the flaps.

Caron was baffled. But he had travelled too far to be beaten at this stage. Yet to win was difficult. If the squaws detected his plans and raised an alarm, his life would not be worth a smile. Feigning a departure the breed made for the forest, and once under its cover lay down. After awhile Blackbird put her head out. Being satisfied Caron had gone she cautiously crept back to her work. Now and then the pretty squaw raised her eyes to make sure she was alone. Caron untied his newly-purchased cayuse and, held from view by the densely-wooded forest, cantered to the north end of the settlement. Here he began afresh his ruse of doling out tea and tobacco. In an hour's time he was again in sight of Blackbird's tepee. She was not outside. Continuing in zigzag fashion, fifty yards out Caron had a straight course and saw to his delight the flaps were open. Blackbird was at the far end, stripping meat, and didn't see the half-breed peer through the entrance. The first thing she knew he was inside and covering her with his revolver.

Blackbird thought of shrieking, but Indian-like she hated the idea of others fighting her battles. The fact that she was a woman and he a man made no difference. She had not been taught to think that ungallant. To dispatch this sleuth, now that he had outmanoeuvred her, she must play the white-man's game of bluff and throw him off his guard. She feigned a smile. Then Caron told her of his love, and repeated his mission of coming to rescue her from the clutches of a kidnapper. Blackbird read in this last statement of the half-breed's the whole story of his late-day attempt to steal her from Jacknife. Caron imagined she was the big chief's slave, married against her will. The thought of her lover being thus insulted in his absence cut her to the quick. She forgot the little scheme of artifice and a dark scowl clouded her face. "Me lova Jacknife. Me hataw yo'." The last words were uttered with the jaw set in defiance.

Bitterness swept into Caron's brain. This squaw whom he had worshipped had passed him up of her own free will many moons ago. Now she was passing him up again. If he couldn't have her love he would have her blood. Blackbird saw the changed countenance and breathed heavily, feeling of her knife at the waist. It was gone! It rested near the meat on the bench behind her. She turned for a second to grasp it. The turn was fatal. Caron had divined her predicament and her purpose. The thought that she loathed him turned every atom of respect for her in his system into stone. He pushed away the sympathies of his white blood. He forgot the "Thou shalt not kill," heard at his father's knee. He became a thug, lunged forward, and, as Blackbird's eyes met his in scorn, sunk his blade into her breast. Blackbird's own hand had been partly-poised for the thrust, and, with the death twitch, it came down on Caron's shoulder, laying it open to the bone. The breed jumped back with pain. As he did so Blackbird, with a demoniac glare in her eyes—the hatred of all her



RECLINING IN THE TUFTS OF GRASS, JACKNIFE WAITED UNTILL HE WAS SURE ALL FIRES WERE OUT AND EVERY TEPEE QUIET

years hurled in hisses at her slayer—closed her lips and fell prostrate at the door of the tepee. Caron quickly took off his coat, tore the sleeve from his shirt, and wrapped it around the wound. Then he stole out as cautiously as he had come in.

The new cayuse was fresh, and, taking the other along as a relay, the breed hit the trail. It was getting late, so he rode right on through the night. In the morning, when fifty miles or more had been covered, Caron drew up near a slough, let the beasts feed on the peavine, and himself ate a few biscuits. The survey line at the end of the settlement being reached Caron dismounted from his cayuse and drove him west—this to deceive any pursuers. Other stops were made at intervals of forty miles to water and feed the remaining cayuse. On one of the last of these stops the breed purchased a freshly-killed bear that he might trot into Ten Mile Point posing as a destroyer of animal life only.

Twilight had set in when Jacknife, returning from a two-days' hunt, almost fell over the lifeless body of Blackbird. There she lay stabbed through the

heart. The red man's grief, like his joy, was always restrained. Intensified agony, with him, was mute. All the sullenness of the ages stole into Jacknife's soul as with dagger in hand he momentarily stood by the side of Blackbird and peered into the unknown. Assured no harm could come to her now the big brave commenced to slowly encircle the tepee, all the while muttering the Slavi chant (he forgot he was a Beaver) of Love and War. Reaching the entrance of the tepee the redskin paused, then out to the heavens invoked the spirit of his father. Then he vowed death to the murderer.

Jacknife was convinced from the first that Blackbird had been slain for vengeance. It was not the crime of an Indian—the scalp was untouched. The deed had been committed by a drunken frontiersman or a low breed. At his own thought here the red man hesitated for a second; the memory of Caron flashed across his mind. Jacknife recalled Caron's attempts to win Blackbird. It was Caron's crime. To make certain of his conviction the big chief questioned the squaws of the settlement and learned that a breed had been making the rounds of the wigwams distributing tea and tobacco. Just like Caron! When it came to smooth treachery Jacknife knew the breed had no equal. But in this case his ability was his undoing. If he had adopted crude methods he might have deceived the warrior who was now hungering for his blood.

The redskin's next step was to look at his knife. The edge was keen. It would do its work. He might need some ammunition to finish the job, so loaded his belt with cartridges. Outside, his trusted cayuse was munching some swamp grass, and bent his ears in anger at being thus rudely disturbed after two good days' work. This made the tawny brave think a moment. He trotted over to the meadow and mounted his sorrel instead. A number of the other braves requested leave to accompany the chief and have a hand in the scalping. Jacknife objected. It was his own affair. He alone would have the glory of vengeance.

Jacknife galloped off that night, only stopping when the cayuse stumbled with sheer exhaustion. While the beast nibbled at the fodder he ate of his pemmican. The second day out the red man realized he had urged the sorrel on too much, and that with his weight she could never make the distance at good speed. Dismounting he commenced anew the dog-trot which had made him famous throughout the North. The cayuse trailed at his heels.

The second night the big chief arrived at Ten Mile Point, having beaten his record of five years before and gained a full day on Caron. A lariat was thrown over the cayuse and the animal made fast to a dry poplar. Reclining in the tufts of grass Jacknife waited till he was certain all fires were out, all tepees quiet. Then he stole his way up the path that led to Caron's. Both windows in the cabin were locked, so was the door. Caron no longer trusted the night. Jacknife took his keen blade and commenced to cut a hole in the door that he might gain access to the latch inside. He had nearly succeeded in doing this when all of a sudden the door was opened and Caron, with an oath, shouted, "What yo' want?" He said no more. That fiery grin of the redskin told him the man and the mission. There was a hiss, an arm shot through the air and something glistened in the moonlight. The breed's wits alone saved him. As Jacknife's steel descended, Caron slammed the door and made for the rear outlet. The brave's awful thrust was intercepted by the lurch of the slabs, swinging on babiche, which crashed full in his face.

Jacknife was dazed for a moment or two, but soon he realized the breed was eluding him and picked his way through the cabin. Reaching the door at the rear the chief bent over, got the sound of Caron's feet ahead and plunged after him with his long, swooping glide. After a quick run Caron came out of the brush to a stretch of undulating prairie. There was the Grizzly River in sight. At three miles lay the falls. The half-breed believed if he could reach these he could elude his pursuer. The falls were a mile wide. The heavy chutes were at either end. By leaping into the river beyond Old Wives a powerful

swimmer could strike dead water, climb up on the shelving rock, and into a secret opening, hewn by the lapping water and enlarged by Caron. Converting the opening from a hole into a space large enough for a man had happened after the red man's mysterious disappearance from the Slavi Settlement, so he could know nothing of the secret.

When Caron struck the Grizzly, Jacknife was turning the corner of the off road which led to Pas d'Or. The clatter made by disturbed stones told the chief the breed was on the shore, and he summoned all the speed at his command. Only a hundred paces now separated the men. Caron was coming in contact with the first of the obstacles. The red man could dimly make out the figure zigzagging for an opening. A terrific wind-storm had blown over some jackpine and balsam that grew on the river bank. These had piled up from the first bench to a height of twenty feet. No one could get around them at the water's edge, or over them without losing time. The fleeing breed paused a second, then made up the bank to where the ponderous roots rested in uninviting ugliness. Abreast of these he scrambled over and under till the shore-line again became clear. A leap through the air found Caron once more on the water-soaked sandbed vainly trying to make extra ground. Coming to the trees Jacknife lay prostrate, then wriggled and tore his way through the underbrush. He reached the centre. Here to his amazement he found an opening. Rounding the corner of a young oak, which all but touched the water's edge, he had gained ten yards on the half-breed.

At Dove Nook, two miles out, the rapids had made a protrusion of rock that completely surrounded the shore. Caron realized he never could make this dash, now that dawn was approaching, without the red man riddling him with bullets. Instead of following the cut here, for twenty paces, or more, he beat his way over stumps and boulders, but always in the protection of overhanging trees. Then the breed reached an up-path and was out of sight. Jacknife raced across the rock at terrific speed, thinking to finish his man then and there. Half way over he emptied two chambers. The smoke from the pistol, and the deceptive echo of Caron's feet on the up-path, led the red man astray. He was fifty paces beyond the turn before he knew the breed was not straight ahead.

Caron's first intention, after striking the up-path, was to lurk behind a tree and try and get the drop on the chief. Luckily he had grabbed his six-shooter when fleeing from the cabin. Knowing now he had outwitted Jacknife the half-breed kept right on for the chutes. The red man, seeing he was baffled, thought his only chance was to continue on the short line, hoping to head Caron off on the down road. The breed had reached the shore, had plunged into the river, and was making herculean efforts for the dead water, when Jacknife shot across the junction of the paths, his face alight with fury, his smoking pistol in his right hand. As the chief fired the breed dove, swam under water till be reached the protrusion, then, out of view, crawled up into the secret hiding-place.

The redskin peered through the mist of morning waiting for the head to bob up that he might blow it to pieces. He picked out certain spots and fired shot after shot. There was nothing to see. No man could live in that surf even if he had escaped the bullets. Caron evidently was quite dead and the undercurrent had answered for the body.

All that day the brave guarded over the river bank to make sure the breed had not eluded him, and hopeful the body might come to the surface and yield him the scalp. Then Jacknife thought he heard the spirits whisper, "You are avenged ! you are avenged !"

The big chief returned to the Beavers, told his story, said the crime had been paid in the criminal's blood, and that he had nothing to live for. Thereafter he was named the Sullen One. He maintained a seclusion, hunting alone, and spending much of his time at Blackbird's grave. For twenty years Jacknife eked out this kind of an existence, aging terribly. Then he began to feel he was no longer a man to be dreaded. He could no more stand the weari-

some dog-trots; he famished on hard-tack. It seemed to him, also, the young bucks didn't pay that respect to his giant frame which his past, at least, entitled him to. This grieved the Lonely One until he bethought himself of a new life; he took up shelter in one of the forsaken shanties which dotted the western bend of the Grizzly. Here he prepared for winter.

None of the freighters who drove huskies up the Grizzly recognized in the gaunt old Indian, who moved about with studied steps, the big brave of Poplar Hill whose deeds had been recounted to them when they as papooses played about the tepee. They treated the Lonely One just as if he were an ordinary old red man.

One night a party of six blew in. The temperature was down to forty-two, and the redskin was kept busy firing up. One of the freighters was himself on in years, and unknown to the rest of the party other than by the name of Leroux. Jacknife steeped his tea and broiled his moose. The men ate heartily. Once the eating was over Leroux proposed a drink all round, and handed out his mixture. He offered the chief a mug of it. The big Indian gulped. His blood tingled. Where had he tasted that fiery stuff before? As if by instinct one hand went up and touched the scar over his right ear. Then it all came back to him. Only one man could mix a drink like that.

Leroux was in the act of mixing a second drink for the Redskin. Jacknife never saw it. His eye caught sight of something else that spelt blood to him—the ghost of Caron, the fiend who had slain his Blackbird. There was a volley of oaths from Jacknife's lips and his fingers were on the breed's throat. Drunk to a stage of helplessness the freighters stared in bleary-eyed wonderment. Caron, while himself ten years Jacknife's junior, had little of his youthful vigor left. After forsaking his store, and adopting a freighter's life, he had caroused heavily. Even his cunning was all but gone. The redskin had lost most of his great strength, and much of his wonderful nerve; but he was fighting for Death; Caron for Life—that made the difference.

Try as the half-breed could he was powerless in getting his gun-arm free. The red man's grip was like an abyss that had yawned and then closed forever. It withered everything it touched. Caron struck out wildly with his right, gashing the brave's face; then, despairing of unloosening the awful hold on his throat, sunk his teeth in Jacknife's neck. To all this the big frame paid no need. Jacknife himself, or his shadow—no matter which it was—it stood there like a statue, all energy entered within on the one idea—the grip which would never be relinquished.

The black lines of suffocation crept over Caron's face. His gasping grew fainter and fainter. With his face steeled against the oncoming death he made a superhuman effort to free himself. Eyes bulging from their sockets, tongue swollen until it hid his lips—these convulsively responded to the dimmed sense which shot his body against the brave like a piston rod. Jacknife's only answer was to tighten the vise-like grip. The tension was terrible. Then limpness stole into Caron's body. His head fell forward, and he began to swing through the air like a pendulum. Jacknife's towering frame swung with him. Not a muscle moved. Deep in the copper-hued visage, reddened with the gushings of his own blood, there rested the gorged and swollen veins which had pulsated with frenzy. As if a page from his youth had been turned back the giant redskin momentarily straightened his full six feet four. The thing which had been a breed followed the ascending arms like a toy. Jacknife felt the changed sensation and released his grip. Then, with a gnashing of teeth, he hurled the lifeless body across the floor.

The Lonely One had fought for Death. Here was Life. But the spirits of his father were calling and Blackbird was smiling in happiness. The trusted blade—it had not tasted blood. It would now.

# Teaching Deaf Children to Live

By Maria H. Coyne

Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill

JAMES KERR LOVE, M.D., aurist at the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf, tells most beautifully the story of Donatello's statue of St. George. All Florence flocked to his studio to see this beautiful work of art; among the rest came a young student who keenly examined it and at last exclaimed it wanted but one thing. Years passed and Donatello, dying, sent for this student, now the great master, Michael Angelo, and desired him to tell what his St. George needed. "The gift of speech," was the answer. The smile lingered on Donatello's lips long after he lay as cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped his genius. The doctor added, "Gentlemen, to this statue, which remains the admiration of posterity, no human power could give the gift of speech: but it is given to us to confer on many a deaf child this great gift, and until we have done so to as many of the deaf as are capable of receiving it, we have fallen short in our duty."

Very, very slowly has the idea that there was help for the deaf grown. Of those deprived of hearing Lucretius writes, "To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach, no care improve them, and no wisdom teach." For ages it was actually the practice to destroy them at three years of age, in many of the most civilized countries of Europe. Want of faith and neglect must have been to blame for ages, for Bede in 685 makes mention of an educated deaf mute.

Jerome Cardon, of Pavia, writes in 1501, "Writing is associated with speech, and speech with thought, but written characters and ideas may be connected without the intervention of sounds therefore the instruction of the deaf is difficult, but it is possible."

A Spanish Benedictine monk, named Pedro de Ponce, (a friend of Cardon) residing at the convent of Sahagun in Spain, is the first person who is recorded to have instructed the deaf and dumb and taught them to speak. In Italy and in England they were taught during the early part of the seventh century but not in France until the middle of the seventeenth. The first gratuitous school for their education was started in England, in 1792. The first institution for educating them in America was started in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817.

Our own Institute in Belleville was not opened until 1870. Canada, in age, ranks as a mere babe among the nations, and perhaps we need not feel too ashamed of the date of her commencement in this branch of well doing. The heart aches sorely though when

one conjures up in fancy the crowd of sad, heart-sick children of our dear land that must have grown to manhood and womanhood in the terrible silence and ignorance caused by this affliction.

I am glad to be able to state that the government deserves the credit of establishing this Belleville Institute, and I wish I could add that it is conducted wholly on the most generous basis. This is a difficult matter to manage however, so we can only hope the finance committees may soon, very soon, see their way to granting funds to supply all needful requests of its managers, and overseers.

Institutes for the Deaf suffer from a lack of qualified teachers. Teaching the deaf is a high art, and one not easily acquired. Teaching a deaf child to speak, has almost reached the dignity of a science. It requires a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs and a thorough understanding of the elements of spoken language. The opinion is general among those of experience in the work that the qualifications of teachers of the deaf should be equal to those possessed by teachers of the hearing, plus an additional qualification for their special work. The difficulty seems to be a financial one, as the salaries offered are not sufficient to induce teachers to obtain the double qualifications.

Just here it is evident, comes in another draw-back to the education of these deaf children. Too many have to be consigned to the charge of one teacher.

In the Belleville Institution W. Spankie, Literary Examiner, writes of the Articulation class in his report for 1907—"These teachers have too much work, and the pupils capable of this form of instruction cannot get sufficient training with only two teachers, as the number of classes will increase from year to year."

Again he writes, "Oral teaching of the deaf is now practised at this Institution. Mr. Rodwell conducts a class of thirteen pupils in this way and is making good headway with them. It is predicted that this form of teaching will be of the greatest importance in the future, as it enables pupils to increase their vocabularies much more rapidly and to communicate with each other more easily—it is simply lip-reading made perfect and the results already achieved here are sufficient to warrant its continuance."

In addition to the class-room work the pupils are instructed in domestic science, dressmaking, millinery, fancy work, manual training, laundry, and have classes in the work of a print shop, shoe shop, bakery, carpenter shop, and barber shop. He adds "The pupils, 227 in number, are orderly, kind to one another, neat and clean in appearance, apparently most diligent in their work, and of a very healthy appearance."

At the eleventh biennial, convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf held in Convocation Hall, Toronto, June 20th to 25th, 1908, a strong expression was given, both by formal resolution and in discussion, of the desire of the deaf that the words "dumb and mute" should be eliminated from all official reference to them. This dislike to these terms arises because there is a misconception of facts of the case common throughout the community. The great majority of them do not speak because being unable to hear words they cannot learn to utter them except by special training. This power of speech in a most marvellous degree is being bestowed upon them by the love and patience of their teachers.

At this convention also gratitude was expressed to the Minister of Education and the authorities of the Institution for the adoption of the public school curriculum at the Institution, and the inception of a movement, for the higher education of the deaf, which they hoped would continue till the work accomplished at the Institution at least equalled that of the public schools of the Province.

The president of their Convention, Mr. John T. Shilton, though deaf, had taken the high school course at Fergus, passed his matriculation examination and at that time was in his fourth year at Victoria, expecting to take his degree the next year.

Uneducated, what torture would not such a keen intellect have suffered,

imprisoned untrained in its scabbard, the body ?

There are three means employed in training the deaf. First, signs in which the teacher, as it were, supplements nature, much as the mother does very early in life with the normal child until it gains command of its vocal organs. Second by the manual alphabet, that is, forming signs with the hands to signify the letters of the alphabet.

In the 18th century Abbe De l'Eppee codified and extended the first of these, the gestural, into a systematic language, but it lacks idioms and can be understood by the deaf only and therefore tends to keep these by themselves, instead of bringing them into communication with normal people.

For the last, the oral, I cannot make its use, and the mode of teaching it, plainer than to follow an article by Frank H. Felter, published in a magazine some years ago.

Himself deaf, he was taught by a sister, who was only fourteen when she began her labor of love, and in which she wrought so well, that at the end, he tells us, it not infrequently happens that parties will converse with him several times before they discover he is deaf.

"In oral teaching of the deaf the instructor must be careful to pronounce the letters distinctly, without emphasis, must not twist her mouth or in any way exaggerate the motion of the lips, as there is much danger of overdoing it. Also she must not tighten the muscles of neck, throat, or face, but allow them to remain flexible and she must speak distinctly, looking the pupil straight in the face. Teach letters first, then words. Speak one word only, then wait until pupil writes it. From words, proceed to sentences and see that as soon as the pupil has a few words he ceases to spell, or he may settle into a habit of so doing.

"When it comes to cultivating speed the eyes will have an exercise in gymnastics the child never dreamed of. His eyes will feel stiff and rigid in their sockets, after less than fifteen minutes of this exercise."

In Mr. Felter's case his sister as soon as he could manage sentences, proceeded to teach him to read in the "Second Book," from that proceeding to short stories, the newspaper and finally to serials, etc.

All this may be, and is, tedious work, but so is the upward growth of the normal child. Indeed has not Nature so arranged that the more valuable the animal or plant the slower its growth to the perfect specimen ?

In this case the teacher has the exquisite pleasure of feeling that he not only cultivates dormant faculties, but in a measure actually creates them. In just such measure must the teacher of the deaf feel a greater thrill of pride and joy in watching the upward growth of the expanding intellect of his pupil, than that which so cheers the teacher of normal children.

Will it not be a wise move in the powers that be to draw the attention of our bright young pupils in high schools to this field of enterprise ? The kindergarteners seem to be crowding each other, and even the teaching ranks seem to be too well filled for their own good.

If a sufficient number of those who intend to teach would turn their attention to fitting themselves for this work while yet their nerves are free from the strain of other teaching, their minds fresh and receptive, and their habits and modes of thought and action still pliable, it would be, I feel sure, a blessing to themselves, to the teaching profession at large, and to the Deaf Institution.

# A Trail Untried

By Aimee Jaxon

OFTEN, am I—a city dweller—reminded of the story of the frog who had always lived in a well.

True, it was a fine large well, supplying abundantly every luxury dear to his frog-ship's taste, and joy was in his heart. For could he not with the greatest ease jump from side to side, and lie in the warm sunshine, and look up at the beautiful sky as the moon and her starry friends gazed down upon him?

And very content and happy was he in his little world, never dreaming of aught beyond. One day came visiting a frog who had traveled far, and told of the wondrous land outside, of the vast ocean, and the endless blue that vaulted land and sea. Did Mr. Well-Frog believe such a fairy tale? Of course not. So neither did I more than faintly credit the tales that came to me of the Canadian prairies until one day, seized with the daring desire for exploration that comes sometimes even to a frog in a well, I started out to see for myself what they were like; and since then I have gone on seeing more and more of them, for the spell of the prairie got hold of me and one who has experienced its unique charm harks back to it whenever possible.

And more than any other one thing, it is the people of the prairies that interest me and especially those men and women of exceptional energy and intelligence who have demonstrated in

other environments their willingness and ability to "do" things, but because of the pioneer spirit within them, the spirit of daring and courage, have chosen to meet and master untrodden paths.

One finds them everywhere in the great West. On a claim close to the 53rd parallel of North Latitude, near Mistawasis, Saskatchewan, Dr. B. Ralph, a gentleman of culture and distinguished personality, a scholar of unusual attainment—who has dignified not only a professorship in both London University and Belfast College, but the Congregational pulpit in one of London's most exacting suburbs as well—is now successfully conquering the problems of agriculture. Here on a foreign stage, from a new audience, he is winning through the same indomitable qualities, honors equally enviable with the old. His situation is most picturesque; a delight from whatever angle viewed; and a speaking testimony for the artist, the lover of nature, its gifted owner.

An instance wherein the son was pathfinder for the father, may be found some fourteen miles a little west of north from Dr. Ralph's place, at the bachelor quarters of his nineteen-year-old son, Armitage. To him the call to the West sounded so strong that it drew him, a lad of fifteen years, alone, across the Atlantic, away from the interests and advantages peculiar to a great metropolis, to mingle his young enthusiasms, his ambitions, his talents, with the vigorous current of life and events shaping the history of the new country.

Young Ralph, having three years in which to await the arrival of his eighteenth birthday—the legal age for taking up a claim—and being a wide-awake chap, decided, that for him, at least, the question "to settle" or "not to settle" would be answered upon knowledge of his own gathering. To this end he endeavored to come into contact with every phase of conditions here; to realize their demands upon the settler, and the latter's needs to meet them. Investigation served but to strengthen and confirm his early hopes into a certainty that, to a young man about to commence the daily struggle, few avenues of activity presented a prospect as inviting, a life as free and wholesome, as agriculture out here amidst nature's choicest gifts. Zoroaster taught: "He who sows grain sows righteousness"—a bit of ancient wisdom powerfully re-voiced to-day in the trend of the people.

Mr. Ralph had faith in his own conclusions and acted upon them. Consequently for one year, on a spot of earth all his own, this independent, self-reliant young man of pleasing manners and ready conversational charm, has been laying a financial foundation secure and ample enough to establish, when he will, without any anxiety about some hungry wolf finding his door, the home of his heart—should Miss Affinity happen to trip coquettishly across his vision.

Within a day's drive from either of the places mentioned above, at Parkside, is a very refreshing and delightful young couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Chambers, from the busy heart of merchant London. For them also farming was the "trail untried." Nevertheless pluck and common sense have made success companion of all their ventures. Homesteading, in less than two years, has given them in cash about five hundred dollars—the amount they had to start with—and, in addition, a nice house, twenty-two head of cattle, horses, pigs, chickens; living and traveling expenses and —health !

Although neither had ever touched a cow before, by the end of their first week on the farm, they were milking three, and the wife, a mere girl, without help or previous experience, began making butter for the market. From the first her "butter proceeds" have defrayed all household expenses—table supplies, etc.,—so that her husband has been left free to use the income from other products in enlarging and improving the farm's general equipment—a wise arrangement if possible.

Moreover being of that desirable type so rarely met with, that knows its best can always be bettered, Mrs. Chambers has continued to unite experience with good judgment until her butter, now averaging about sixty-five

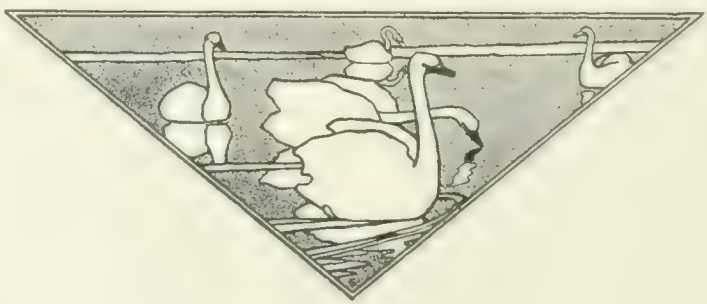
pounds per week, has won a well-deserved place in the "first class", equaled, perhaps, but scarcely surpassed in quality or appearance. I have eaten of this most excellent butter and at the same time enjoyed the society of its fascinating maker, a woman rich in all the graces of intellect, of manner, of person. A day with her is an inspiring memory.

And France, has she inducements powerful enough to hold all her citizens at home? Truly not. Out from her brilliant and engrossing life has come to the Last West one of her worthiest sons. Probably nowhere in the Saskatchewan is there a more striking example of what a man depending solely upon his own efforts can accomplish than that of this young Frenchman, Henri Percival.

A few years ago, with little or no money and handicapped by not speaking English, he ventured up into this, to him, unknown part of the world, to meet experiences for which his former occupations could have but meagerly prepared him. But again is it proven that character is after all the real capital of every successful undertaking. Of this valuable commodity our Frenchman has a never-diminishing supply' coupled with the education and address of a true gentleman of France. The seasons passed have bestowed upon his eager mind a fluent reading, writing and speaking knowledge of English, and have builded in their passing a monument to his industry and steady purpose.

As the traveler comes upon Mr. Percival's homestead he has that comfortable feeling that "all is well." Far afield the ground is under cultivation—here acres of wheat, there, of oats or barley—an eye-kindling display of waving grain. Near by are his log house and other buildings, all looking very substantial and trustworthy; numerous farm implements carefully arranged; and two pure bred, spirited horses that awaken in the on-looker an ardent longing to own them if only for their beauty's sake.

These are some of the homesteaders I have known. They are but shining examples of a class that Canada may well be very proud of—men and women who have dared to leave the safety of the crowded beaten track and by virtue of their courage and their brains and their energy are following the trail untried to sure success.



*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### VANISHING SUMMER

The morrow was a bright September morn
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

THE heat of summer is past and the exquisite purple mists of the autumn are wreathing the hills and shrouding the valleys. Every night you can hear the plaintive piping of the flitting birds who are travelling fast to the sunny south. You cannot see the aerial army unless you happen at a time of full moon to be abroad and see the migrating hordes shadow for a moment her gentle light.

It gives one a lonely feeling, this flitting of God's little choristers who for so long made the corridors of the woods temples, in which they sang joyous hymns of praise and gladness. The robins have lost their full round thrush-like notes and are away to the rice-fields, the orioles and meadow-larks have long since gone their way to a warmer clime, and soon we of the north countrie will be left without bird-song save the chirp of that bird-arab, the sparrow, who loves the city with its hum and noise. The crickets still fiddle up on warm nights, and the beetles travel through grass underways, and the garden spider is busy at her deadly work in the tangle of the garden shrubbery. The long-tailed field mouse is gleaning the harvest lands for stray ears to carry to his snug nest under the embankment, and the chipmunk is thinking about nuts.

The hairy woodpecker has dismissed his wife and children and is looking about for comfortable bachelor quarters in some deep, warm tree hole. Winged seeds, like insects, now ride upon the air armed with little hooks wherewith to take fast hold of whatever they alight upon. The bee moves more wearily, for the autumn heaviness is upon him. This is the time of fern and heather and, upon a knoll that my heart remembers there grows a glory of golden gorse with beyond a great brown bog stretching in lonely distance to the horizon. Here we have the golden rod, and the Michaelmas daisies, and wild asters, and rich russet ferns, and many other flowers and brambles. The warm days have not gone, but of a deeper gold are the beams of the sun, while the harvest moon shines like a great red-gold lamp from the vaulted roof of the sky.

Autumn is here, stepping lightly over the crest of the hill arrayed in sheen of crimson and gold, with her crown of vine-leaves bound about her darkling

IT GIVES ONE A LONELY FEELING, THIS FLITTING OF GOD'S LITTLE CHORISTERS

brows. The richest, loveliest time of all the year—sweet September—is with us.

There is a touch of sadness in the air—elusive as the great, gray flitting moths that brush your face as you sit outside in the little garden—thinking, dreaming, remembering golden days of the Golden Age.

### A GRAVE PERIL

A VERY great danger menaces this whole continent in the enormous increase of the Eastern religious movement which began in the year of the World's Fair at Chicago. The summer school of philosophy which was started at Green Acre, Maine, in 1896, was the outgrowth of the World's Fair Congress of Religions. Since that time nearly every sort of Eastern mystic has found his way and established his particular vogue throughout the United States and Canada. The latest addition to this extraordinary religious cult is that of the Bahais, who are erecting in Chicago a magnificent temple—Mashrak-el-azkar—to represent their sect in the West.

The Swamis and Babas who came to the great white fairyland which in 1893 lay along the shores of gray Michigan, soon found that they had happened on a very lucrative opportunity which they lost little time in taking by the forelock. These "prophets" were instantly surrounded by bands of admiring women who followed them from the Midway to those niches in the great buildings where they had set up their idols and where they delivered their teachings. From the yellow loin cloth and beggar's bowl to silken garments and glittering turbans was a delightful transition, and it was not long until these dark-skinned Orientals with their amazingly beautiful eyes and slender forms, found themselves seated in miladi's boudoir, the centre of admiring attentions, and waited on by the prettiest women in society, who seemed to be hypnotized by these Eastern mystics, these silent, grave, beautiful men who were so mysterious and so alluring.

### EVE AND THE SERPENT

POOR EVE! She is always biting her apple. Being a magic—or demoniac—apple, the bites fill in as fast as they are made, and so she never comes to the end of it. The writer remembers some conversations held with one of those Swamis—for reportorial purposes—in the great domed

building of manufactures at the World's Fair. The journalist, not being conversant with Eastern magic, took him to be a Turk, until in a horror of fury he explained that he was a holy man, a Swami, a worshipper of Om, and adorer of the Sun.

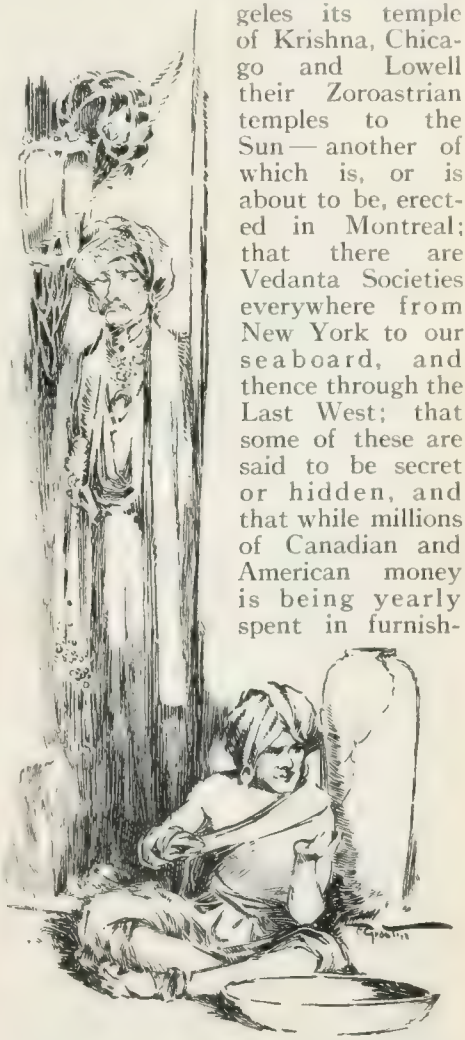
He was a curiously good-looking man, with deep magnificent black eyes. I remember envying him his long eyelashes. He was clothed in flowing white garments embroidered with serpents, and he wore an armlet of a golden snake, and had another adorning his turban. He spoke fair English, but in the main chattered in his own gibberish. He promised that if I became a yoga—literally, "yoga" means the path that leads to wisdom—I would master the problem of life, nay, control life itself, and remain forever young and beautiful. As I was young at the time, but by no means lovely to look at, I wondered how the beauty part of it would come about, but having got my interview, I thought I would leave the venerable and pass to other and more interesting things. So I told him an Irish story which he didn't understand, and left him to puzzle it out.

I never could abide snakes. The one thing I could never quite grasp about that Garden of Eden story was how Eve could abide them either. Had the Lord meant Eve to resist temptation he would have used a mouse instead of a serpent. Most women, to be sure, run from serpents, but every true, womanly woman flees from a mouse.

### A DEADLY CULT

THE Swami remained. Other Swamis came over to the Easy Land, until to-day there are Eastern temples in every American city of note, and in some Canadian ones. The priests of the East have literally got the ear of the women of the West, and already ruin, insanity and death has followed their teachings. Everywhere are their churches, their societies outnumber those devoted to Browning and Shakespeare.

What these so-called "priests from east of Suez" teach, I know not. The result of some of that teaching all who read the papers may know. In a magazine article, written a year ago, some of these results were given. They came as blows from the shoulder. What is known is this. That women who were good Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews, have placed the Hindu Scriptures, the Zend Avesta, the Bhagavadgita or Persian philosophy, the Koran and other writings of the East, where once the Bible and the Prayer Book and the Rosary held place; that far more women than men belong to yoga classes; that Seattle has its Buddha temple, San Francisco its Hindoo, Los Angeles its temple of Krishna, Chicago and Lowell their Zoroastrian temples to the Sun — another of which is, or is about to be, erected in Montreal; that there are Vedanta Societies everywhere from New York to our seaboard, and thence through the Last West; that some of these are said to be secret or hidden, and that while millions of Canadian and American money is being yearly spent in furnish-



THE SWAMI WAS A CURIOUSLY GOOD-LOOKING MAN, WITH MAGNIFICENT BLACK EYES

ing Christians missions to foreign lands our people at home are fast filling the ranks of "mystic paganism."

### SOME RESULTS

MISS SARAH FARMER, a New England spinster, who gave her fortune to found Green Acre School of Eastern philosophy, is now an inmate of an insane asylum in Massachusetts. Miss Reuss, a Chicago lady of culture and refinement, was taken screaming from the Mazdaznan Temple to be imprisoned, a raving maniac, in an asylum in Illinois. Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the famous violinist, left hundreds of thousands of dollars to a Vedantic Society. This was set aside by the courts on grounds of mental incapacity. Mrs. May Wright Sewell was another victim. Mrs. Ellen Shaw, of Lowell, convicted of taking nude sun baths on the lawn of her house, was set aside by her relatives as one not in her right senses. And we all remember the case of the New York physician who was found dead in his rooms, and over whom a young Jewess went completely insane, raving that the dead man had been her "guru" or god-man.

The list is long and bristles with tragedies of husband, children and home deserted, of broken lives, and death and madness.

We of the West are not fitted for such teachings. Vedanta proclaims itself a universal religion. The writer before referred to tells a story of the Vedanta Summer School or Retreat in Connecticut—a magnificent place of three hundred and fifty acres of forest and field in the Berkshires. The Swami Abhedenanda—Canadians will remember this gentleman, especially Torontonians—was the orator of the evening. He spoke beautifully and poetically of his old, old religion. He told of "incarnations" that reached back thousands of years, of others that would reach into coming centuries until "final absorption in Brahma" was consummated. He preached peace and beauty until complete trance-rest had descended upon the company.

Across the silence broke the voice of a woman:—

"Swami," she said, "I have come from your home land after twenty-two years as a missionary there. And your religion that is three thousand years old, what, let me ask, has it done for the women of India?"

And the vulgar answer which the Swami rapped out with a disagreeable laugh was:

"What has yours done for the old maids of New England?"

I could go deeper still into this so-called religious philosophy which these Eastern priests are teaching our Western women. I could repeat tales of the orgies prevalent in the worship of the hideous, brutish goddess Kali, which take place not far from any of us; I could tell of the household labour done by American ladies—cooking, washing,

IT WAS KING EDWARD'S QUALITY OF "HUMANNESS" THAT MADE THE POOREST CHILD IN ENGLAND BUY WITH HOARDED PENNIES HIS PICTURE

scrubbing—for a certain Swami, and repeat the tales told of the beautiful woman who is at the head of this household. The peril lies not in the worship of sticks and stones and sun-gods, but in man-worship. "He was my man-god," wept little Jewish Alta Markheva over the body of old Dr. Latson. So far we have had no known tragedies among our Canadian women, but—

"There are Mazdaznan centres in thirty cities of the United States as well as in Canada—" and "there is a temple to the Sun erected, or about to be erected, in Montreal—"

These two items have been published. And last week at a church in a Canadian city the plate went round for "special contributions to our foreign missions to the Heathen."

### THE REAL KING EDWARD

THE literary sensation of the year in the higher circles of British society is Sir Sidney Lee's chapter on King Edward VII. in his great work, the Dictionary of National Biography. At first the outcry—for it was nothing less—was that it belittled the late King because it reduced the political role of that monarch to very modest, not to say slight, proportions. More sober opinion, however, makes light of this aspect of the case, and agrees that a sycophantic press, and the adulation which surrounds royal persons to a nauseating degree, are to blame for the assurance given that the late King was a great diplomat and apostle of peace.

The King himself never put himself forward as either. His courtiers did it for him. The Biography reveals what everyone of acute mind must long have known, that King Edward had been too long kept in a subordinate position by his august mother, Queen Victoria, to permit him to have any but a superficial knowledge of state affairs. The late Queen kept the reins of government in her own hands up to the last. She brooked little interference from her ministers since the days of Lord Palmerston, and none from the son who would succeed her on the throne of England. The part the late King played in state affairs until he was fifty was a very petty part. Foolish restrictions, distrust of youth, arrogant love of power, made the life of the Prince of Wales rather a stupid one as far as statesmanship went during the reign of his mother. It is this life of opening hospitals, laying corner stones, attending Drawing Rooms, which Sir Sidney Lee has revealed in all its staring dullness in his chronicle, and it is this which has given Snobocracy its bad quarter of an hour.

The man in the street has little concern with this side of the life of Kings. What he will always remember with affection is the "human-ness" of the kindly gentleman who sat for an all-too-short space on the throne of England. King Edward may not have engineered the Entente Cordiale, or our affair with Russia; he may not have contrived the Japanese Alliance, or ended the South African episode, or done any of the great things attributed to him, but he was gifted with a bonhommie that of itself is the most powerful of political influences—he was a thorough sportsman, a fair and square upstanding man with all a man's frailties, hedged about by no "divine right," a very human, very lovable, very splendid English gentleman. It was this quality of human-ness which made many an eye grow dim, when his passing was announced—and made the poorest child in England ask for pennies to buy his picture and that of his dog, Cæsar. King Edward had the admirable knack of reaching down into the hearts of his people. They loved him when he did wrong because his very human weaknesses were their own weaknesses and brought him nearer to them. They loved him because he was a man first and a King after. There is, moreover, something pathetic and affecting in the fact that this man was kept a schoolboy and child until he was past fifty years of age.

He undoubtedly had gifts that fitted him for public life—above all, gifts of tact and of discernment. He had travelled widely and was one of the bravest men in the world. Perfect courage was his greatest attribute, and I would ask of the gods no greater. Perhaps that is why everywhere women adored him—women who never laid

eyes on him, who knew him only through their reading. I have seen a Canadian girl kiss his picture while her eyes were clouded with tears when news of his death arrived.

The late King may now stand before men without "the trappings of royalty" —but he stands clothed in the affectionate remembrance of his people for all time.

### YOUTH ETERNAL

THEY say that the French actresses first taught New York matrons that they could be fresh and fair at fifty, and that they taught the rest of the world. Be this as it may, everyone wonders at the perennial youthfulness—of a sort—of Sarah Bernhardt, that wonder-woman who at sixty-eight electrified Paris in a new role the other day. When you see Sarah *en intime*, she does not look youthful, but on the stage she is another woman, young, slender, graceful, and full of the fires of twenty-one. Rejane, who is much younger than the divine one, looks fresh and fair at even close range. And we all know how well-preserved is the incomparable and much-married Lillian Russell. Youth is not thus prolonged without labor. But a woman will work for her looks when she will work for nothing else. Not for the admiration of men does a woman strive to preserve her youth and looks so much as for her own gratification and comfort. What every woman knows is that when she is conscious of looking her best and is wearing her prettiest clothes, she is happiest. And happiness makes for good looks. Many of the so-called ravages of time are ravages caused by ill-temper and lack of self-control.

Women who dissipate, who indulge systematically in too many cocktails and in late hours soon show the effects of these habits, and when they see their lined faces, drooping mouths and sagging cheeks, they give up caring. It is then that they perform the unhappy feat known as "going to the devil." Wherefore I hold that a little vanity is a commendable quality. This, very fortunately for the world at large, is an age of perpetual youth—or perpetual striving after it. The passing of the middle-aged woman is an accomplished fact. It is more than a decade since a woman of forty-five with a son at college, and a daughter married, was looked upon as pretty well advanced—and when she dandled her first grandchild, she put on sober colors and a cap and gave up her corsets.

In these more "enlightened," days she does nothing so "foolish." She now looks like her daughter's elder sister. She wears the same kind of clothes—the skirt a trifle narrower and shorter—perhaps dons a little more hair, displays whiter and more even teeth, and powders and "retouches" quite as artistically as the young girls and matrons. It was a volte face from the old traditions. Women who charmed at the age when tradition said they sat in the chimney corner and knitted stockings, were something new, and the rich ladies who did not enjoy doing the stocking act a bit, took to the new idea like ducks to water. They have massaged and steamed and creamed themselves back twenty-five years. They practice greater self denial than the most austere saint in the calendar ever thought of doing.

The great struggle of the middle-aged woman is to avoid fat. To this end she sacrifices everything her soul craves in the way of sweetmeats. She will even eschew the olive-martini and the foamy fizz-fizz. She knows that opulent curves are taboo. That to charm she must be lean as a lath. Some of the more determined and forceful almost starve themselves. But the corset's the thing.

These are veritable strait-waistcoats. They are long and strong and rigid instruments of torture in which one can neither bend nor sit comfortably. They are not merely "straight front" but straight all round. Yet women willingly endure this torture of the steel cage rather than submit to the cap, the corner, and the knitting, for this is the age of youth, and youth will be served.

And if we did half as much penance for our sins as we do for our looks, we would all go to Heaven and the devil

would have to put up a "To Let" notice on the gates of Gehenna.

### DEATHLESS COURAGE

IT IS but just that some monument such as the proposed cairn should be raised at Niagara to perpetuate the memory of Burrel Hecock, the brave American boy who lost his life trying to save the unfortunate young couple who were swept to their death upon the ice floe early last spring. There are perils which bring to men a strange exaltation as of those who sport with jeopardy, but there are hazards which are cold and grim, which glaze the eye and freeze the heart, and this was one of them. A lonely helpless peril this of being swept away by irresistible force to meet death in the swirling, darkening waters with what might well seem the whole Brotherhood of Man looking silently on.

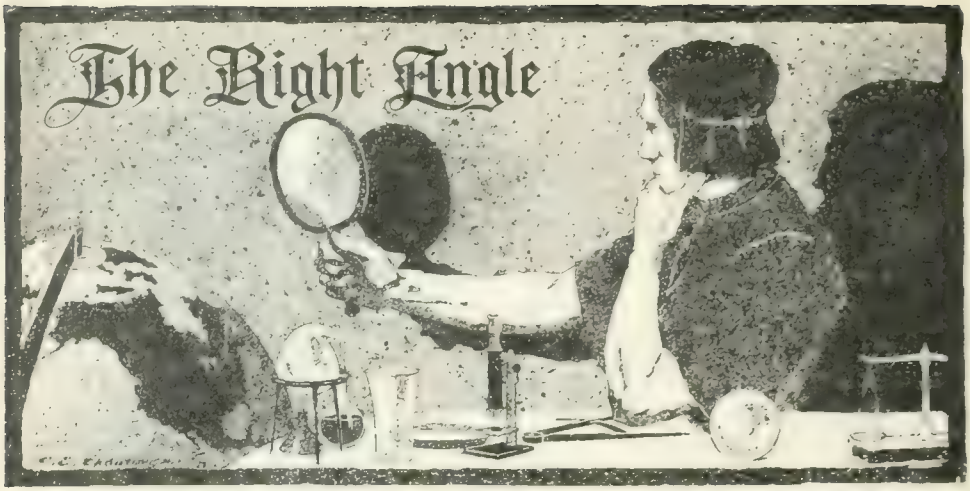
One horror that once overtook a man and which involved no sacrifice to save others, but was of ghastly lonesomeness in its way, was that of having a foot jammed in the points with an express train due and no help in sight. Once, too, a brave man fell into a faint of fear when he stepped on one of those bottomless Irish bogs which quiver all over their acres at the mere tap of a foot. His comrades pulled him out when he had sunk to the knees. But when later he died on Spion Kop—shot to pieces—he died like the fearless soldier he was, and the smile was fixed on his calm face when they found him.

But these were bearded men. What of the boy who went lonely on the slow-moving ice-floe to his black death? They said of him at the time that as the waters caught him and flung him back on the edge of the floe, he feebly waved his arm to the helpless men on the bridge above. On his face, too, I doubt not, there was set the smile of a brave soul.

There is only pleasure in peril when something or someone is to be overcome or won. There is nothing in the bitterness of death so agonizing as its uselessness. It takes the finest kind of bravery to meet such a death in calmness, to be able through sheer force of spirit to wave a goodbye to the world in that last extremity—in the very article of death.

It is to such brave souls that we gladly raise monuments—it is before such that a man may stand and read with head reverently bowed, the story of a boy's bravery.

INSTEAD OF SITTING IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER WITH HER KNITTING, THE MODERN WOMAN OF FORTY-FIVE LOOKS LIKE HER DAUGHTER'S ELDER SISTER




### A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY

WHEN Frederick William Wallace writes of the men who go down to the sea in ships, he knows what he is describing. Readers of CANADA MONTHLY will remember his "Farmers of the Sea" and other stories and articles dealing with the picturesque life of Canadian fishermen, lumberjacks and sailors; and those who know his types in the flesh, appreciate the truth of his portraits.

Mr. Wallace comes of a line of seafarers, his father being a shipmaster, and the boy having worked his passage to Canada at the age of seventeen on his father's boat. Says Mr. Wallace:

When I landed, my father left me to find a farm for him. I didn't find a farm, but landed back in a steamship company's office, and put in my spare time writing sea stories. My parents bought country property in the Dominion, and for a time I did agricultural work, but the writing game was beginning to get hold of me, and before long I was back doing sea stories and learning more about every phase of marine life. In order to acquaint myself with American conditions, I travelled and beach-combed around the ports. One year I studied the American whaler around New Bedford, Fairhaven and Provincetown. Next the fishermen attracted me, so I hied me to Portland, Gloucester, and Boston and lived among them. Sealers I found at Halifax; the old time Canadian wooden sailing ships I studied while wandering about St. John, Yarmouth, Windsor and the ports in the Basin of Minas, Annapolis Basin, and Quebec. The coal trade took me aboard a Norwegian coal tramp plying between Sydney, Cape Breton and St. Lawrence ports. I have also hauled trawls and worked with the bank fishermen on Cape Sable, Roseway and La Have. Not long since while driving for home from off La Have bank to Digby, we ran out of water and for two days had only a suck at some chopped ice taken from off the fish in the hold. I have been on square-riggers, Spanish iron ore ships, Atlantic and South American cattle ships, liners and freighters. In fact, I have "had my hands in the tar-pot" as they say at sea, and can turn to with any other sailor at "hand, reef or steer."

With all this experience, it is not strange that Mr. Wallace's sketches are true to life. Canada is still young and her place among fine arts not yet established; but men like Mr. Wallace, and a score of others that any Canadian reader can easily name, are paving the way to the formation of a distinctively Canadian literature.

### AS THE TWIG IS BENT

IN addition to the trophies and prizes offered to grown-up farmers at the coming Annual Winter Fair, the Canadian Seed Growers' Association is offering special cash prizes to boys and girls between twelve and eighteen years of age for exhibits of spring wheat and white oats. A sweepstakes prize in the form of a beautiful gold medal is donated by Dr. James W. Robertson to the boy or girl having the best exhibit of oats in the maritime provinces of Quebec and Ontario, or of wheat in each of the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Each of these exhibits is to consist of a sheaf which must be at least six inches in diameter at the band, and a gallon of threshed grain. The

plants for this sheaf should be selected by hand from the field before the crop is cut.

Those proposing to compete for these prizes should arrange at once to make the necessary selections, and should also write to the secretary of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Ottawa, Ontario, for the prize list rules and special arrangements regarding the transportation of exhibits.

There is no better time than the present for boys and girls to study scientific and practical farming, and such contests as these offer a real incentive to them to gain experience in seed selection and a standard of quality that will be valuable both to themselves and to the Dominion in a few short years, when the names of these same young folks will appear on the elevator tickets at the end of the season with thousands of bushels of first-class grain to their credit.

### THE GLAMOUR OF THE FOOTHILLS

*WITH these autumn days comes again the desire of all good gypsies to go a-journeying, and Gildart J. Walker in a bit of description that came to us one golden September day puts vividly before one the foothills of the west, and the trail that leads nowhither. He says:*

Away from the main line of the railway, and off the beaten path of the tourist, lie certain of the foothills of southern Alberta, which to the majority of Canadians, are a terra incognita. But to those who have had the pleasure of visiting them, they are considered among the beauty spots of all Canada, and when one is back to the city again after the holidays, he often thinks wistfully of the sun-kissed hills which lie under the shadow of the ramparts of the mighty Rockies.

There is no train to these foothills—one has to ride or drive. The trail after winding through the prairie curves through three or four miles of beautiful woods. On the one side lies the Highwood river often hidden by trees, but still a glimpse of its sun-lit waters is frequently seen. The wild flowers grew in profusion on either side of the trail—it was all gold.

Above us and all around us were the sweet and varied notes of many ornithological anthems. An impudent gopher now and then stood up on his hind-legs to survey us as we passed. But at length we left the woods behind us and emerged on the rolling prairie. And as we came out of the comparative twilight to the full sunshine, we saw right along the horizon in front of us, the snow-crowned ranges of the Rockies their snows a dazzling white 'neath the strong sunshine.

So clear was the air that instead of being fifty miles distant, they hardly seemed more than half a mile away. And coming down from them and blowing across the flower-starred prairie was the sweet, west wind breathing of the pine woods and the mountains, making one glad to be alive, attuning one's heart to harmony with the great anthem which Nature sends up to her God in the long, sweet summer days.

It is a day such as this when you are in close communion with nature, that the best which is in you comes to the surface. And surely there is no place in all the Dominion where one can study nature so well as in the foothills. Be he angler, botanist, or artist—all his wants are supplied here.

Thousands of wild flowers grow in profusion all round. Beautiful little streams meander here and there among the hills and are well stocked with trout. Here and there one comes across a little "glen"—trees adorning its side and the water-ouzel and swallow skimming over its stream, and ever the trail cries 'Onward' and ever the great mountains in front echo the cry. And one has to obey, there is no refusing the call of those great white ranges—so majestic, so strong—that seem to be the personification of eternity They grow mightier and mightier the higher we go into the foothills, they seem to challenge us to attempt to climb their massive sides.

We had the trail pretty much to ourselves, although now and then we passed a lonely cowboy and exchanged a few words with him. There was no mapped-out trip here—we took any trail we fancied and explored the hills on all sides.

To the Scotchman there is nothing on this planet that can compare with his hills and heather-flushed moors, but there is a fascination about the foothills that takes hold of one with a grip he cannot—and does not wish to —shake off.

Up there in the lonely solitude of the hills with the mountains towering around us, we could not help thinking how Stevenson would have gloried in the wild freedom, in the rugged splendor and the glorious air—how the pen which gave us "Kidnapped" might have made these hills immortal as it has done the hills of Appin and Ben Alder in our native Scotland.

The people of Canada have yet to learn that there is another place besides Banff which is worthy of notice in the West. True, up in the foothills, there are no brass bands, no dancing pavilions, no mapped-out trips. But the person who really loves Nature, who finds in her silent places the rest he needs and who does not care for the over-crowded tourist centre, let him go to the foothills of southern Alberta. There you will see the most magnificent sunsets from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

All too soon for us, the brief holiday drew to an end and we had to take the home trail. One last glimpse we took of the foothills under the glow of a sunset which made the snows of the mountains appear to be on fire.

And so back to the city for another year of work. But the memories of those long golden days will never die; they will brighten up the months which intervene till again we can obey the "call of the open road" and "pull out on the trail again."

# NIGHT WIND

BY KATHERINE HALE

THE tree-tops sway, and the sleepy rose,
The night-wind blows, the night-wind blows!
Its soft feet whisper, the red coal glows,
The night-wind blows!

It shakes the branch and a sparrow chirrs,
The night-wind blows, the night-wind blows!
And touches the river with silver, and stirs
The rose at her window, O night-wind, hers!
The night-wind blows!

It rattles a tile, and sets flying a whirl
Of dusty dead leaves, and a painted girl,
Clad in thin finery, hastens to curl
Her arms round her shivering body, and furl
Her draperies swift, for the night-wind blows!

### COULDN'T FIND IT

THE neighbors having dropped in informally upon the Newmoves during the evening, Mrs. Newmove suggests that if her husband will gather some mint from the mint bed in the garden she will mix for them a genuine julep. Mr. Newmove, who has indulged in a matter of seven or eight genuine juleps prior to the arrival of the guests, goes willingly in search of the desired garnishment for the drink. He remains in the garden quite a while, and finally the others go out to ascertain what causes the delay.

"Why don't you bring the mint in, dear?" his wife calls.

From somewhere in the darkness comes the testy response:

"Jane, I've eaten my way twice around this lot. I've chewed geranium leaves, grass, catnip, tulips, onions, sage and burdock, but blamed if I can find a sprig of mint anywhere!"

### WHO THE BOSS WAS

IN the window of a Toronto restaurant there was a sign which read: "Second cook wanted." An applicant made his way to the kitchen and found the head cook.

"There's the boss over there," said the galley chief, jerking his head in the direction of a man washing dishes.

"Don't kid me," said the caller. "Tell me if you want me or tell me if you don't. There's no use of ringing in a dish-washer."

The man at the sink picked a stack of plates out of the water and let them all fall to the floor with a smash.

"Now," he exclaimed, "tell me who you think the boss is!"

### CONSPIRACY OR COINCIDENCE?

SOME time ago the wife of an assistant state officer gave a party to a lot of old maids of her town. She asked each one to bring a photo of the man who had tried to woo and wed her, and had been jilted by her. Each of the old maids brought a photo and they were all pictures of the same man, the hostess' husband.

### AN HISTORICAL DATE

"YOUR tenth birthday, eh?" said Mr. Newbeau. "If you keep on having birthdays you'll soon catch up to your big sister."

"Yes," replied the little girl whom he hoped to make his sister-in-law, "I guess so, because she's stopped; she's been twenty-two as long as I can remember."

### WITH A STRING TO IT

"MR. KRAFT, the merchant," said the college president, "has offered to donate $5,000 for a new building to be known as 'Kraft Hall.'"

"But," said the dean of the faculty, "$5,000 won't pay for the building we want."

"Oh, no! You see, Mr. Kraft's generous offer is contingent upon our securing donations of $10,000 each from ten other public-spirited citizens."

### AN OPINION FROM UNCLE HENRY

I'VE made a study here of late
Of people who are risin',
And every one of them, I find,
Is always more or less inclined
To do some advertisin'.

But there's another thing I'll state:
I've learned from observation
That, though a man may advertise,
That ain't enough to make him rise
To any lofty station.

The fact is advertisin's great,
Its help is most surprisin,'
But not, it's safe to bet your hat,
Unless you're doin' something that
Is worth while advertisin'.

### SWIMMING ON FOOT

THERE is a small resort lake in Saskatchewan which is fished thoroughly all summer by vacationists, and which is a peculiarly safe body of water. It consists chiefly of a sand bar over which water about four feet deep is lashed into terrifying waves by every little summer breeze. To the stranger it presents the appearance of a real inland sea, where none but the best swimmer should venture.

A certain newspaper man and his wife arrived there on the annual vacation. It was their first visit. Early the next morning they were out in the middle of the lake fishing. The man leaned over to adjust some tackle, lost his balance and began swimming madly as soon as he hit the water. In falling he had given the boat a kick with both feet, sending it farther out into the lake—and his wife could not row.

The woman stood up in the boat and screamed. The man swam desperately toward shore, praying that his shoes and sweater wouldn't drag him under.

He and his screaming wife were watched by an old man who sat fishing from a pier, while the wind toyed with his lavish beard.

The woman in the boat frantically implored this old man to save her husband. The ancient fisherman arose impassively, megaphoned his hands and shouted to the swimmer:

"Stand up, you lunkhead!"

Experimenting, the man in the lake let himself down. Then in water up to his chin he stalked back to his boat.

### THAT EXPRESS WAGON

A GERMAN farmer left his horses unhitched in front of a hardware store. When he came out after an interval of a half hour they were gone. There had been no sound of a runaway, so the farmer surmised that they might have gone home. He phoned his wife, saying:

"Chulia, iss der horses dere?"

A negative came over the phone, for he added:

"Nor der vagon eider?"

### HENRY GUBBLE'S THEORIES

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

HENRY Gubbles had a notion that the use of a pill or lotion was the biggest piece of nonsense that the world has ever known;

"USING boluses and tonics," he declared, "by all the chronics, is all foolishness and flubdub as may easily be shown.

PERFECT peace and calm and stillness he avowed would cure all illness, for the illness was a fancy of an overburdened mind;

"'TWOULD surprise you with what quickness you can rid yourself of sickness," he averred, "if you will follow the plain course I have outlined."

BUT to-day poor Henry Gubbles certainly has got his troubles; he is lying 'neath the covers and the neighbors hear him groan—

'TIS a muchly mooted question if he has the indigestion or is entertaining fancies that he doesn't want to own.

ANYHOW he's waived conditions and has sent for the physicians—homeopathic, allopathic—all the ones he called the worst.

"GET me all the doctors quickly," he exclaimed, while moaning thickly, "I will hire the half a dozen who come through the doorway first."